

# Fairy Tales Far and Near











"THERE WAS NO LACK OF WARES" (p. 83).

# FAIRY TALES

FAR AND NEAR

Re-told by Q

*WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY*

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# FAIRY TALES, FAR AND NEAR.

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## THE THREE ROBES OF WONDER.

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IN the garden of a certain king there grew a wonderful apple tree, which year by year bore three glorious golden apples. But as yet neither the king nor his three sons had ever tasted one of these apples; for every year, as soon as they were ripe, a dragon came and devoured them.

“How comes it that we can never taste the golden fruit?” the three princes asked, one day. The king then told them how that a monster came every year, on three following nights, and carried the apples off.

“If that is the case,” said the princes, “we

will keep watch under the apple tree and prevent him."

"Do so by all means, my sons."

So that evening the eldest prince hid him-



"HE HURLED HIS JAVELIN WITH SO TRUE AN AIM AS TO WOUND IT SEVERELY."

self in the garden and waited for the dragon. As soon as midnight sounded from the palace clock, a terrible

bellowing was heard. It frightened the heart out of the prince, and he took to his heels, half-dead with terror.

Next day the second prince kept watch. But he, like his brother, lost heart and ran away.

The third evening the youngest prince seated himself at the foot of the apple tree and waited for midnight to strike. Not at all upset by the bellowing and hissing that followed, he jumped on his feet, took a good look at the monster, and hurled his javelin with so true an aim as to wound it severely. The monster lay sprawling for a moment, and then took to flight, uttering the most frightful howls.

Satisfied with his success, the prince withdrew to his own room and went tranquilly to sleep.

"Well," said his brothers, next morning, "did you wound the monster?"

"To be sure I did; a little more and I should have killed him. Come and see." He led the way to the garden, and his brothers

followed, laughing, for they did not believe him. But when they came to the apple tree they found it true enough. The ground was dyed crimson, and a long trail of blood showed which way the wounded beast had taken. "Let us follow these tracks," said the youth; "and we shall find out the dragon's den."

They followed his advice, and came to a deep, black well, on the edge of which the tracks stopped short.

"We must search this well," said the eldest prince. "Tie a rope round my waist, and let me down. As long as I call out 'Cold!' let the rope out; but when I say 'Hot!' you must draw me up at once."

This was agreed upon, and the eldest brother began to descend into the hole. But he had scarcely gone halfway down when he began to cry "Hot! hot!" So they drew him up again.

"Now it's my turn," said the second brother. So they let him down. But he had hardly gone deeper than his brother before he was seized with terror and pulled up to the surface.

"Let me go down," said the youngest, "and when I call out 'Cold! cold!' you can pull me up."

He went down, down, down, till at last he reached the bottom of the well. But there, to his surprise, he found himself in a wonderful country, full of woods and meadows and streams, with a bright light shining over all. After walking up and down for some time he came to a magnificent palace, the doors of which stood open. He entered it, and passing through many rooms, each more splendid than the last, at length he came to one in which sat three maidens as lovely as angels.

"Young sir, what make you hither?" they asked.



"I am come to seek the monster who lives hereabouts."

"It is he who keeps us in prison here. Have you no fear at all?"

"Nothing frightens me," answered the prince.

"Then listen. The monster takes his sleep in the room beyond this. Go and find him. If his eyes are closed, then he is wide awake, and it is all up with you; but if his eyes are open, you may know he is asleep. Deal him a stroke with your javelin, and you will wound him mortally. But take care that you do not strike a second blow; for in that case he will come to life again, and you will be lost."

The prince ran at once to the inner room, and found the monster stretched out there asleep, with his eyes wide open and staring. With a single blow of his javelin he dealt the beast a mortal wound.

“Oh! oh!” cried the dying monster, “for pity’s sake give me a second blow and put me out of my pain.”

“Where one is enough, two is too many,” answered the prince, and almost immediately the monster expired. The prince ran off to tell the good news to the captive princesses.

“I have two princes—my brothers—with me,” he said, “and you shall be our brides. Here are three rings for tokens.”

He led the maidens to the opening of the well, and tying the eldest to his rope, he called up, “Cold! cold!” The princes pulled at the rope, and drew up the princess. Then our hero made fast the second sister, and she, too, was drawn up.

“Now, beloved,” said he to the youngest, “it is your turn. ’Tis you shall be my bride.”

“Blithe will I be, then,” said the maiden, “for I love you dearly. But I am think-

ing—if your brothers should leave you here, underground, what would become of you? Take these three nuts; in each you will find a robe. On the first are embroidered the heavens and their stars; on the second, the earth with its flowers, on the third, the sea with its fishes. Keep them; for they may turn out of great service to you.”

As soon as the two princes set eyes on their brother's bride they began to quarrel for her. All the while the prince at the bottom of the well was shouting up, “Cold! cold! cold!” but his brothers, paying no heed to his cries, left him there and ran off, dragging the three princesses with them.

At last the prince perceived that his brothers had treacherously abandoned him, and that there was nobody to help him out of the pit. He wandered about the country below, seeking help, and at length came on an old gardener digging in a flower-bed.

“Good-day, good fellow,” said the prince.

“Good-day, my lord,” replied the gardener.

“I have lost my way in this country of



“HIS BROTHERS RAN OFF, DRAGGING THE THREE  
PRINCESSES WITH THEM.”

yours. Can you tell me any means of getting up to earth again?”

“Certainly; you have only to pass through the plantation yonder. In a meadow beyond

it you will find two rams—one, white as snow ; the other, black as pitch. You must shut your eyes, and run after them. If you catch the white ram, he will lead you back to the earth's surface ; but if you are unlucky enough to catch the black one, you will sink into another country, much further from the sun than this."

The prince thanked the gardener, and passing through the plantation, found the two rams. He shut his eyes and gave chase ; but unluckily it was the black one that he seized. In an instant he felt himself sinking, sinking.

When he opened his eyes he was standing in a green valley, beside a fountain that trickled gently past his feet. A maiden was standing close by and weeping.

"Who are you, fair maiden?" asked the prince.

"Alas! noble stranger, have pity on my fate! This land is ravaged by a terrible



dragon that lives on human flesh and blood. The fountain here is the only one in all the country ; and the monster only permits the folk to draw water on the condition that they sacrifice to him every day a maiden of the land. Woe is me ! To-day my turn has come, and I am here awaiting the seven-headed beast who will surely devour me."

" And who is your father ? "

" I am the king's daughter, and his only child. My father in despair has shut himself in his palace, and no doubt already believes me dead."

" Be of good cheer, princess ! I have a stout heart : perhaps I may be able to deliver you from this dragon." .

He had scarcely spoke when he heard horrible hissing behind the rocks, and the monster came forth, lifting its seven heads to devour the maiden. It stopped short for a moment as it caught sight of our hero, and

the prince seized this moment to let fly a javelin straight at its heart. A torrent of flame burst from the seven maws of the beast, and it yelled horribly. But that was



"THE KING OF THE EAGLES SPREAD HIS BROAD WINGS."

the end of it. The next instant it rolled over on its side and lay dead.

The prince pulled out his dagger, cut out the dragon's seven tongues, and wrapped them up, to bear witness to his exploit. Then a drowsiness seized him, and stretching

himself at the foot of a tree he fell fast asleep.

He was awakened by a fresh hissing, and looking up saw a serpent opening its jaws to swallow a nest of young eaglets perched on the topmost branch of the tree. He sprang up, cast his javelin, and, killing the serpent as he had killed the dragon, lay down again to sleep.

Soon after the King of the Eagles came flying back to his nest. Catching sight of a man stretched in sleep, so close to his eyrie, he was swooping down on the prince to tear him in pieces with his beak and talons, when the eaglets began to cry :

“ Father ! father ! let him alone, and do not hurt him ! ”

“ Why not, my dears ? ”

“ A serpent was going to eat us when this young man killed it with his javelin. ”

Thereupon the King of the Eagles spread

his broad wings over the prince and shielded him, till he awoke, from the burning rays of the sun. "Young man," said he, when the prince's eyes opened, "you have saved the lives of my little ones. How can I show my gratitude?"

"I do not deserve much gratitude. Anyone in my place would have killed the serpent."

"Tut-tut! you are a hero, I tell you! Speak. How shall I repay you?"

"Well, since you insist, you might carry me up to the surface of the earth."

"Alas! I wish I could; but it is so long a journey that I should die of hunger and thirst before I got there."

"Could we not take provisions for the way?"

"Yes, but I should want forty sheep and forty bottles of water. Where can you get them? Nobody but the king of the country can furnish you with all these."

“As it happens, I have just delivered his daughter from a monstrous dragon that was going to devour her. I am sure he won’t refuse me anything we need for the journey. Shall I seek him?”

“Yes, go ! I will wait here for you.”

The prince walked off to the king’s capital and asked his way to the palace. The whole town was full of rejoicing. The news had spread like lightning that a young hero had killed the dragon and delivered the princess. Heralds were sent into every street to proclaim that the king desired handsomely to reward his daughter’s deliverer. Already certain knights had arrived who falsely pretended to have slain the dragon ; and besides these there was a band of charcoal-burners who had happened to be working in the forest near the fountain, and, finding the dead monster, had cut off his seven heads and brought these with them to prove their story.



"*We* are the slayers of the dragon," they declared. "Look at these seven heads if you doubt us!"

"No," shouted the knights, "*we* fought the beast and left him dead beside the fountain. The reward should be ours."

"One story is as false as the other," said the princess. "My deliverer is a champion handsome and young. He comes from a foreign country."

At this moment the true deliverer of the princess entered the palace court.

"Your Majesty," said he, "it is I who slew the dragon to which you have been paying this horrible tribute. For proof of what I say behold the beast's seven tongues."

But already the princess had flung herself upon his neck.

"Yes, father: this is he who slew the dragon. The men are impostors, every one."

The king had the false lords and the char-



"THE PRINCESS HAD FLUNG HERSELF UPON HIS NECK" (p. 16).

coal-burners driven forth from the palace, and falling on the young prince's neck, embraced him affectionately.

"Choose!" he said. "Which will you have? my treasures? or the half of my kingdom? Or will you marry my daughter and reign after me?"

"Your Majesty," replied our hero, "I, too, am of royal birth, but my kingdom is far away. I thank you for your offers, but give me only forty sheep and forty bottles of water; that is all I ask."

"If that's all, you shall have it with pleasure," said the king, and gave orders that the prince should be supplied with all that he asked. The prince returned to the eagle, and stowed the sheep and the water-bottles on the bird's back.

"Now we're ready to start," said the King of the Birds. "When I cry out 'Crick!' you must give me some mutton to eat; and

when I cry 'Crack!' it's water I shall want. If you don't keep me supplied, I shall drop back to this country at once. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

"Very well, then; climb up, sit astride my neck, and off we go!"

The eagle flew up, up, up. "Crick!" said he, and the prince gave him food; "Crack!" and the prince handed him drink. Up, up, up they went, and at last all the provisions were spent. They were close to the great opening that would let them through to the earth's surface.

"Crick! crick! Crick! CRICK!" said the eagle.

The prince took his dagger, cut a piece of flesh off his own leg, and passed it to the bird.

"This is man's flesh," thought the eagle to himself; and he kept it under his tongue. At last he set down the prince on the surface

of the earth. "Here you are at last," he said; "and now you had better run home."

But the prince could not move, his leg pained him so.

"Run, I tell you!" said the eagle again. And now the prince had to confess that when there was no food left he had cut a piece of flesh from his own leg and given it to his guide. "I knew it, and therefore I have kept it under my tongue. Here it is." And, so saying, the eagle fitted the piece in its place, and the leg was well in a moment. Then he took leave of his friend and flew off.

"What shall I do now?" the young man asked himself. After considering for some time, he set off toward the capital. Arrived at the town he sought the king's tailor; but first disguised himself so that the tailor should not recognize him.

"I am a working tailor, and I should like employment with you," said the prince.

"As it happens, my apprentice is dead. You can take his place at once," the tailor replied.

The young man set to work, and applied himself so steadily to his trade that the tailor was soon delighted with his bargain.

Meanwhile at the palace the prince's two brothers were still disputing for the hand of the beautiful princess of the enchanted palace. At last the king decided that she must marry the elder.

"I consent," said the maiden, "but on three conditions."

"What are they?"

"That you make me a present of three robes. The first robe must represent the sky with all its stars; the second, the earth with all its trees and flowers; the third, the sea with all the fishes that inhabit it."

For a moment the king was dumfounded: but he promised to fulfill the princess's de-

mand. He summoned his royal tailor and gave the order for the three robes. The unhappy tailor was frightened out of his wits, and asked himself how he could ever accomplish such a task. He thought of it all day and dreamed of it all night. Time passed on, and the robes were not even begun. The tailor saw that it was impossible.

His apprentice, seeing his dejected look, at length asked him the cause of his trouble. "Alas! the king has ordered me to make three robes upon which he has set his heart. But with all my art I cannot do what he demands. Beyond a doubt his Majesty desires my disgrace." And he told his apprentice what was required of him.

"Is that all?" cried the sham tailor, laughing. "Why, that is child's play!"

"Have you lost your wits, young man?"

"Not a bit of it! You had better let me make these three robes."



“Come, do you mean to say that you, a mere apprentice, pretend to be a more skillful workman than I? I, your master—the king’s tailor—and the cleverest outfitter in the country!”

“I only mean to say that I can turn out these three robes for you.”

“But when? In twenty years, I suppose, at the shortest?”

“No; to-night. To-morrow morning they shall be ready.”

“But where will you find the stuff?”

“I want neither stuff, nor thread, nor needles. I only ask for a bottle of wine and a plateful of nuts. Shut me up in my room, and come to me to-morrow morning.”

“This apprentice of mine wants taking down,” said the king’s tailor; so he gave the prince what he asked and locked him up in his room. The young man spent the night in sipping his wine and cracking his nuts, with-

out troubling himself about the three robes. As soon as the sky grew light the tailor



knocked at the door.

"THE YOUNG MAN DREW FROM  
THEM THREE MARVELOUS  
ROBES."

"Are the robes ready?" he asked, laughing.

"Not yet. Come again when the sun has risen."

As soon as his master was gone the young man cracked the three nuts which the princess

had given to him and drew from them three marvelous robes representing the sky, the earth, and the sea.

“Well, can I come in?” cried the tailor.

“Yes; come in. They are quite ready.”

The master stood still and rubbed his eyes, dazzled by the resplendent robes which his apprentice held up. The good man asked himself, “Am I dreaming? Or is this workman of mine one of those genii of which I have heard tell?” He fingered the robes, and being convinced at length that they were real, departed full of joy to present them to the princess.

“Who was clever enough to make these lovely robes?” she asked.

“I will own,” said the tailor, who was an honest fellow, “that I could never have performed such a task. But luckily my apprentice succeeded alone, and in a single night.”

“I should be happy to see this clever workman. Go, seek him and bring him to me.”

In a few minutes the apprentice was brought before the princess. “So ’twas thou,” he cried, “my beloved.”

“Yes, ’twas I : for I would marry no one but thee alone,” answered the princess.

“I will seek my father and tell him all, and we will be married.”

The prince sought his father and told the story of his brothers’ treachery. The old king flew into a terrible passion when he heard, and had a mind to put his two sons to death. But the youngest interceded and begged that he would banish them only, which he did.

Next day our prince was married with the princess of the Enchanted Castle amid great festivity ; and lived happily to a great age and had many children.

THE VALIANT TAILOR.



## THE VALIANT TAILOR.

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ONE summer's morning Master Snip, the tailor, who was a very little man, sat on his table by the window in the best of spirits and sewed for dear life. A market-woman came down the street, crying "Good jam to sell! Good jam to sell!" The sound tickled the tailor's ears: he popped his little frail head out of the window and called, "Up here, my good woman! Up here, if you want a good customer!" The woman climbed up the three flights of stairs with her heavy basket to Master Snip's room, and he made her unpack every one of her pots for him. He pried into all, weighed them in his hand, put his nose to them, and said at last, "This jam seems good. Weigh me out four ounces, my



good woman ; and even if it's a quarter of a pound I won't stick at it." The woman, who had looked for a good purchaser, weighed out what he wanted, but went away quite angry and grumbling. "Now Heaven shall bless this jam to my use," cried Master Snip, "and give me strength and sustenance !" So he fetched a loaf from the cupboard, cut off a round, and spread some jam over it. "That won't taste amiss," he said ; "but I will finish this waistcoat before I take a bite." He laid the bread beside him, sewed on, and in the joy of his heart made the stitches bigger and bigger.

Meanwhile the smell of the jam rose up to the ceiling, where many clusters of flies were sitting, and enticed them down in swarms. "Eh? Who invited you?" said Master Snip, and drove them off. But the flies didn't understand plain English, and came back again in bigger swarms. At last the little

man lost all patience, reached out for a duster, and, crying "Wait a bit, my hearties!" flapped at them without mercy. When he left off and counted the slain, no fewer than seven lay dead before him, with their legs in the air. "Ha! am I such a desperate fellow as all this?" said he, and could not help admiring his own bravery. "The whole town shall hear of it." And in great haste he cut out a belt, hemmed it, and embroidered on it in big letters:

"SEVEN AT A BLOW!"

"What did I say, the town? The whole world shall hear of it," he went on; and his heart beat for joy like a lamb wagging its tail.

He girded on his belt, cocked his hat, and took up his walking stick, for he thought the workshop too small for a man of such valor. But before setting forth into the wide world,

he looked round about the house to see if there was anything he could take with him. He found only an old cheese, but that was better than nothing, so he took it off the shelf; and just outside the door he discovered a bird that had entangled itself in the gooseberry bushes, so he packed her too into his wallet with the cheese.

Then off he set boldly, and being light and nimble he felt no fatigue. He followed the road till he perceived in the distance a steep hill, and on the top of it a tower that reached right up into the clouds. "Thunder and lightning, what's that?" cried the little man, and went boldly toward it. But what made him open his eyes and mouth when he came near was to see that the tower had legs, and was indeed a giant sitting on the hill and picking his teeth with a kitchen poker. "Good-day, comrade," said Snip; "there you sit and view the world at your ease, like a

gentleman. I've a mind to go and try my luck in that same world. What do you say to going with me?" The giant looked down, turned up his nose, and said he, very contemptuously, "Fly's Leg!" "Oh, indeed?" answered Snip, and unbuttoning his coat he showed the giant his belt. "There, if you want to know what sort of fellow I am, read for yourself."

"Seven at one blow! Good gracious!" exclaimed the giant, and began to be more respectful at once. "Very well," he said, "we'll try what you can do." So he took up a stone in his hand and squeezed it till some drops of water ran out. "Do that," said he, "if you have a mind to be thought a strong man." "Is that all?" cried the tailor; "that's child's play to me;" so he dived his hand into his wallet, pulled out the cheese, and squeezed it till the whey ran out. "That's a better squeeze than you, eh?"

The giant, not seeing it was only a cheese, didn't know what to say for himself. At last he picked up a stone and flung it so high that the eye could hardly follow it. "Now then, my manikin, do that, if you can." "H'm! you throw pretty well," said Snip; "but, after all, your stone fell to the ground; now I'll throw one that shan't come down at all." He dived his hand into his wallet again, and grasping the bird in his hand flung her up into the air. Whiz! Whir-r-r! Up and up she went, and flew clean out of sight. "How does that throw please you, comrade?" "You can certainly throw," said the giant; "but let's see how you can work."

He then led the little man into a wood where a fine oak tree lay felled. "Come, help me to carry this tree out of the wood." "Oh, very well!" said Snip; "do you take hold of the trunk, and I will carry all the top and the branches, which are decidedly the

heavier part." So the giant hoisted the trunk on his shoulder. "Further forward, further forward!" called the little man; "you'll get a better poise if you move it further forward."



"SO THE GIANT HAD TO CARRY STEM, BRANCHES, AND  
TAILOR INTO THE BARGAIN."

The giant obeyed, and at last had the whole tree balanced on his shoulder. Then Snip, instead of carrying anything, jumped up and perched himself at ease among the branches.

So the giant, who couldn't see what was going on behind him, had to carry stem, branches, and tailor into the bargain. All the way Snip, behind, was whistling a tune as merrily as you please, as if carrying the tree were mere sport. The giant, after he had borne it a good way, groaned "Hi, there! I shall have to let it fall;" upon which the little man skipped down and seized the tree as if he were carrying it, saying, "Fancy a big lout like you not being able to carry a tree like this!"

On they went together till they came to a tall cherry tree. The giant took hold of the top stem and bent it down to pluck the ripest fruit. "Here, catch hold," said he; but the little man was much too weak to hold the tree down, and up he went with it, dangling in the air like a scarecrow. "Hulloa!" said the giant, as he tumbled back to earth again; "what now? Can't you hold that twig?"



“To be sure I could,” said the other; “but don’t you see that sportsman taking aim at the bush where you are standing? I took a jump over the tree to be out of his way, and you had better do the same, if you can.” The giant tried to follow, but the tree was much too high to jump over, and he only stuck fast in the branches, for the tailor to laugh at him. “Well you’re a fine fellow, after all,” said the giant, “so come home and spend a night with me and a friend of mine in the mountains, and you shall have a hot supper and a good bed.”

The tailor had no business upon his hands, so he consented: and the giant gave him a good supper and a bed to sleep upon. But the tailor found the bed too big, and crept off to a corner of the room instead. When midnight came the giant stepped softly in with his iron walking stick and gave the bed such a blow that he broke it in two. “It’s all up

now with that grasshopper ; I shall have no more of his tricks," he said to himself.

In the morning the giant and his companion went off to the wood and quite forgot Snip, till all on a sudden they met him trudging along as merry as a grig : and so frightened were they at the sight that they both ran away as fast as they could.

Then on went the little tailor, following his thin little nose, till he came to the courtyard of a royal palace, and feeling tired he stretched himself on the grass and fell asleep. While he lay there the people came and gathered round him, and stared and read the writing on his belt. "Seven at a blow ! Oh, dear ! what can this hero of a hundred fights want in our peaceful land ?" And they ran off and told the king, and said that here was a hero who in time of war would be worth his weight in gold, and that his services ought to be secured at any price—such an opportunity

must not be missed. So the king sent one of his courtiers down to wait until the little man awoke and then ask him politely to step up to the palace. "The very thing!" said Master Snip when he heard the invitation. "I shall be pleased to enter his Majesty's service and kill his Majesty's enemies for him, seven at a blow. *Seven AT A BLOW!* Lead on!"

But when he reached the palace he bragged so outrageously of his mighty deeds that the king resolved to put him to the proof. "In a distant part of my kingdom," said he, "in a thick wood, there live two giants, who are the terror of all the country round, for they rob, burn, and murder without end. Nobody can go near them without endangering his life; but if you will meet and overcome these giants for me you shall marry my only daughter and have half of my kingdom into the bargain. You may take a hundred soldiers, too, to help you." "That'll suit me

very well," answered Snip ; " one isn't offered a beautiful princess and half a kingdom every day of the week. Done with you ! but as for your hundred horsemen, I believe I shall do just as well without 'em."

Off he set, however, with the hundred horsemen at his back, and came to the wood. " Wait here, my friends," said he, " I'll just manage these giants myself ;" and into the wood he went, casting his sharp little eyes here, there, and everywhere around him. After a while he spied the pair lying under a tree and snoring away till the very boughs whistled with the breeze. " The game's mine for a crown !" said the little man, as he filled his wallet with stones and climbed up the tree under which they lay.

As soon as he was safely up, he threw one stone after another at the nearest giant, till at last he woke up in a rage and shook his companion, crying out, " What did you hit



"A BLOODY BATTLE BEGAN" (p. 50).

me for?" "Nonsense, you are dreaming!" said the other; "I didn't hit you." They both lay down to sleep again, and the little man threw a stone at the second giant that hit him on the tip of his nose. Up he sprang, crying, "What is the meaning of this? You struck me!" "I did not!" "Yes, you did!" They wrangled on for a while till, as both were tired, they made up the matter and fell asleep again. But then the tailor began his game once more, and flung the largest stone he had in his wallet with all his force, and hit the first giant in the eye. "This is too bad," cried he, roaring as if he were mad; "I won't stand it!" So he struck the other a mighty blow. He, of course, was not pleased with this, and returned him a box on the ear, and a bloody battle began; up flew the trees by the roots, the rocks and stones flew banging to and fro, and in the end both the giants lay dead on

the spot. "It's a mercy," said the tailor, "that they let my tree stand, or I must have made a fine jump."

Then down he ran, and took his sword and gave each of them two or three fine thrusts in the breast, and set off to look for the horsemen. "There lie the giants," said he; "I have killed them: but it was no small job, for they even tore up trees in their struggle." "Weren't you wounded?" asked they. "Wounded? They could not touch a hair of my head." But the horsemen would not believe him until they rode into the wood and found the giants weltering in their blood, and the trees lying around, torn up by the roots.

But when Master Snip demanded his reward the king was not satisfied. "Before you obtain my daughter and half my kingdom," said he, "you must catch the unicorn that roams about in my wood and does so



much mischief." "That is a trifle," answered Snip; "I fear one unicorn still less than two giants. Seven at a blow—that is my motto." So he took a rope and an ax, went out into the wood, and again told the horsemen to remain outside. This time he had not long to search, for the unicorn soon came by and, catching sight of the tailor, dashed straight at him to spit him on his horn without more ado. "Softly, softly, my friend," said Snip; "it can't be done as quickly as that!" and standing still until the beast was quite close, he suddenly popped behind a tree. The unicorn ran against the tree with all its force, and stuck its horn so fast in the trunk that no efforts could get it loose. "Now I've caught my bird," said the little man, and stepping from behind the tree he put his rope round the unicorn's neck, then struck the horn out of the tree with his ax, and led the beast off to the king.

Still the king was not satisfied and made a third demand. The tailor was to catch a wild boar for him that made great havoc in the wood ; and he might have the huntsmen to help. "That, too, is a trifle," said Snip, "for a man whose motto is 'Seven at a blow.'" He again left the huntsmen outside the wood, and went in himself on tiptoe. As soon as the boar caught sight of him it gave chase, with foaming mouth and gleaming tusks, and tried to knock him over : but the sprightly little man ran into a chapel that stood near, jumped onto a window ledge, and out of the window again as quick as thought. The boar was close at his heels and followed him into the chapel ; but Master Snip darted round outside and slammed the door upon him and turned the key. So the raging beast was caught in a trap, being much too cumbersome and awkward to jump out of window. Then the tailor called the hunts-

men to look, and went off to the king to claim his reward.

This time his Majesty did not dare to refuse, but called his daughter and said, "My dear, I have chosen this warrior to be your husband. Will you marry him?" The princess was not greatly taken with the little man's appearance, and answered "Willingly, on one condition." "Name it," said Snip, "and let it be a hard one; for 'Seven at a blow' is my motto." "Below, in the stable, is a bear, with which you must pass the night. If you are still alive when I get up to-morrow morning, I will marry you."

Well, of course, she thought that in this way she would easily get rid of him, for the bear had never yet let anyone who had come within reach of his claws go away alive. "Very well," said the tailor, and smacked the inscription on his belt. "I am willing; who's afraid?"

So when evening came Master Snip was led out and shut up in the court with the bear, who rose at once to give him a friendly welcome with his paw. "Softly, softly, my friend; I know a way to please you!" said Snip: then, at his ease, as if he were quite at home, he pulled some fine walnuts out of his pocket, cracked them, and munched the kernels. The bear, seeing this, took a great fancy to have some nuts too; so the tailor felt in his pocket and gave him a handful, not of walnuts, but of nice round pebbles. The bear snapped them up, but could not crack one of them, do what he would. "Tut-tut! I must be very clumsy to-day," muttered the beast, and then said aloud to the tailor, "Friend, I wish you would crack these nuts for me." "Why, what a lout you must be to have such big jaws and not be able to crack a little nut! Well, I suppose I must help you." So he took the stones and slyly

changed them for nuts, put them in his mouth, and crack they went. "I must try for myself, however," said the bear; "now I see how you manage, I am sure I can do it myself." So the tailor gave him the pebbles again, and the bear lay down and worked away as hard as he could, and bit and bit with all his might, till he broke all his teeth and lay down quite tired.

But the tailor began to think that this would not last long; so he pulled out a fiddle from under his jacket, and played him a tune. As soon as the bear heard it, he could not help jumping up and beginning to dance; and when he had jigged away for a while the thing pleased him so much that he said, "Hark ye, friend, is the fiddle hard to play upon?" "No, not at all," said the other; "look ye, I lay my left hand here—then I take the bow with my right hand, thus—and then I scrape it over the strings there—and

away it goes merrily—hop, sa, sa ! fa, la, la ! vivalla lera !” “ Will you teach me,” begged the bear, “ so that I may have music whenever I want to dance ?” “ With all my heart, if you have a talent that way ; but let me look at your claws ; they are terribly long, and I must first clip your nails a little.”

Then Bruin lifted his paws one after the another, and the tailor screwed them down tight and said, “ Now wait till I come with scissors.” So he left the bear to growl, as loud and as long as he liked, and laid himself down on a heap of straw in the corner and slept like a top.

When the princess heard the bear growling so fiercely through the night, she felt sure he must have made an end of the tailor. So in the morning she arose, careless and happy, and went down to the stable with her father and peeped in ; and there they saw the tailor eating his breakfast merrily and Master Bruin

looking very much as if he had had a bad night's rest. So the king, when he saw all this, burst out laughing and could no longer help keeping his word. And the princess had to keep hers too.

And thus a little man became a great one.

CARNATION, WHITE AND BLACK.





## CARNATION, WHITE AND BLACK.

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ONE winter's day the eldest son of a powerful king was walking out alone, with bow and arrows in his hand. The country round was covered with snow, and on the white plain ahead of him he saw a raven stalking. He ran forward and shot an arrow at the bird, which fell dead, staining the snow with its blood. "What beautiful colors!" thought Prince Otto (for that was his name), as he observed the white snow, the black of the bird's plumage, and its red blood. Turning his steps homeward he went to his own room, shut himself up, and thought about these three colors until he fell into a deep melancholy. The king, his father, and the courtiers could not guess the reason of his

strange conduct, and Prince Otto hardly liked to confess that what he desired was a bride whose cheeks should be of carnation and dazzling white, and her hair as black as a raven's wing. He had never seen such a maiden; but the image had grown suddenly in his heart, and he was passionately in love with it.

He sat at his window one day, dreaming of this fanciful love, when he heard a voice outside which said, "Go, prince, to the Kingdom of Marvels, to the biggest forest in the kingdom, and to the very center of the biggest forest; there you will find a tree laden with apples ruddier and larger than ever you saw. Pluck three and bring them away with you, and you shall have the bride you desire. But beware that you do not open these apples until you are safe at home."

The prince ran to the window and looked

out, but nobody was to be seen. Yet he felt so certain the voice had really spoken that he determined to follow its instructions without delay. The Kingdom of Marvels, as he knew, lay far away, across seven times seven countries, and a cock's crow beyond that; but nothing could hinder his purpose. He set out that very night, a little before dawn, crossed the sea and the seven times seven countries, reached the Kingdom of Marvels, found the big forest, and then searched it thoroughly until he came upon the tree. He plucked the three apples, and in the first transport of joy could not resist opening one with his knife.

No sooner was the apple parted in two than there stepped out of it a lady of marvelous beauty. Prince Otto, smitten with admiration, fell on his knees before her. But the lady frowned on him and said: "Why have you taken me from my home?" And

before the prince could answer, she had vanished into the air.

Prince Otto was greatly distressed, but comforted himself with the thought that he had still two apples left. "I will not open *them*," he said to himself, "until I reach home." Burning with impatience, he traveled back as fast as he could across the seven times seven countries and at last came to the seashore, where took ship for his own land.

But on board ship the prince's impatience again proved stronger than his prudence. The time dragged slowly, he felt exceedingly dull, and it suddenly struck him that by covering the vessel's deck with an awning, and fastening this awning securely all along the bulwarks, he might open another apple without fear of losing its contents. The awning was made and fastened: the prince took a fruit-knife and opened the second apple. Again there stood before him a lady

of extreme beauty ; but while Prince Otto stretched out his arms to her she frowned as her sister had done, and saying " Why have



" AGAIN THERE STOOD BEFORE HIM A LADY OF  
EXTREME BEAUTY."

you taken me from my home?" vanished through the awning, which seemed to open and close again behind her.

These two lessons taught the prince wisdom. He waited until he reached his own door before he opened the third apple, and then there stepped forth and stood before him a maiden even more lovely than her sisters, and far more gentle of face. Her complexion was of mingled carnation and dazzling white, and her long tresses shone like the raven's wing. Instead of vanishing she held out her hands to Prince Otto, who took them joyfully, and kissed her, and had the wedding bells rung on the spot.

There was only one person in the land who did not love the new bride, and that was the Queen Mother; but she made up for it by hating the Princess Carnation (as she was called) like poison. The truth is she wanted to marry the prince to a niece of her own, called the Princess Nettle, who was then staying on a visit at the palace. So one evening, a few months after the wedding, this wicked

woman invited Prince Otto and his wife to supper, and while entertaining them handed a cup to each. But no sooner had their lips touched the drink than they both fell down on the floor. Now the drink in the princess' cup was deadly poison, and the Queen Mother ordered her body to be lifted and cast over the walls into the palace moat: which was done. But the drink in Prince Otto's cup was a magic draught that flung him into a trance for a little while and robbed him of his memory: so that when he woke up and his mother led forward the Princess Nettle, saying "This is your bride," he only smiled and answered "Much obliged to you," and kissed Nettle on the lips, with never a thought of poor Carnation, who lay in the moat below.

But though the prince could not remember, and though he was contented enough with Nettle's behavior, he was not happy. With-



out knowing what he was longing for, he would sit for hours together at his window, looking out in the deepest dejection, which did not grow less when he told himself that it was quite without cause.

One day as he sat thus, he looked down and saw in the moat below a fish swimming there, whose shining scales were of three colors—carnation, white, and black. He began to watch it, idly at first, but after a while with such interest that he could hardly drag himself away from the window. Day after day he looked out and watched the fish, which was always plain to see. But one day he looked and the fish was there no longer. The fact was, the Queen Mother had given orders that it should be taken in a net, cooked, and its bones thrown away. Prince Otto knew nothing of this; but his melancholy grew deeper and deeper now that the fish was gone.

A few weeks after, however, he saw a little tree growing beneath his window, on the edge of the moat. The tree was of a kind he had



“THERE NOW STOOD A MOST GORGEOUS PALACE.”

never seen before, nor could he find that anyone had planted it there. And by and by it grew amazingly and put forth leaves; and

these leaves were of three colors—carnation, white, and black. As he watched it the prince forgot his dejection, and called his wife and his mother to look. But the old mother was furious in her heart, and that very night she gave orders that the tree was to be cut down, taken across the moat, and there burned. She watched all this being done, and when the tree was a heap of ashes she went off to bed in high spirits.

Prince Otto rose early next morning and went to the window to take a look at his tree. But no sooner had he peeped out than he gave a shout of amazement and pleasure, and began to rub his eyes. At the sound of his voice Nettle and her aunt came running from their rooms and looked out too. The tree had gone, to be sure. But across the moat, in the place where its ashes had been sprinkled, there now stood a most gorgeous palace, all built of marble in three colors—



"HER COMPLEXION WAS OF CARNATION AND BRILLIANT  
WHITE" (p. 64).

carnation, white, and black ; and on the top of its tower a flag of these same three colors waved out merrily in the sun.

The Queen Mother, when she saw this, could not repress a bad word ; but before it was out of her mouth Prince Otto was out of the room. “Stop ! stop !” she cried : but he tore downstairs and across the drawbridge, and toward the enchanted building. As he approached, the doors opened of their own accord and closed behind him. He ran from room to room. All were empty, and each was more magnificent than the last. He passed through twenty, and was beginning to think that nobody lived in this charming palace ; but when he came to the threshold of the twenty-first he stood still, and his heart began to beat quicker and quicker. For at the end of the room, on a pile of rich cushions, there sat a lady, who rose to welcome him. Her complexion was of carna-

tion and brilliant white, and her hair as dark and glossy as a raven's plumes. At the sight of her Prince Otto's enchantment was snapped and he knew her.

"Carnation!" he cried.

And they fell into each other's arms and wept and laughed; and I have heard say they were happy ever after. But nobody has told me, nor could I ever find out, what became of Princess Nettle and the Queen Mother.



HEART OF HARE.





## HEART OF HARE.

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ONCE upon a time there stood, on an island in the Vistula, a great square castle surrounded by a strong rampart. At each corner was a tower, and from these many a flag waved in the wind. A bridge connected the island with the river bank : and on bridge and tower and rampart a hundred sentinels kept guard, and called to one another with hoarse voices.

In this castle lived a knight, a brave and famous fighter. Whenever he returned from victory, great wagons laden with booty rumbled over the bridge into the castle : the trumpets along the battlements blew *Fanfara ! fanfara !* and all the people who dwelt along the river bank shook in their shoes.

There were deep dungeons beneath the castle, and in them many prisoners were shut up. Every day these prisoners were led out to work, some to keep the ramparts in repair, others to dig in the castle garden. Among them was an old woman who was a sorceress. She had sworn to be revenged on the knight for his ill-treatment of her, and waited year after year for her opportunity.

One day, as she was working in the garden, the knight came walking along and sat himself down on a bench. He was tired, for he had just returned from a toilsome campaign. So presently his eyes closed, and in a little while he fell fast asleep.

The old witch, who had been watching him, went to a bed of poppies, and, gathering some poppy seed in her hand, crept up to the knight. She scattered the poppy seed over his eyes to make him sleep the sounder, and then she took an aspen branch and struck

him on the breast over his heart. At once his breast opened, so that you could look in



"THE OLD WITCH CREPT UP TO THE KNIGHT" (*p.* 70).

and see his heart as it lay there and beat. Then the old witch laughed an evil laugh, stretched out her bony arm, and with her

hooked fingers drew out the knight's heart so quietly that he never even stirred. Next she took a hare's heart which she kept hidden under her cloak, put it into the breast, and closed up the opening. Creeping away on tip-toe, she hid herself behind a clump of bushes to see the effect of her wicked work.

The knight was not long in finding out the change the hare's heart was making in him. He began to shiver in his sleep and turn uneasily from side to side ; for he, who had never known fear, was beginning to dream horribly. He woke with a shudder, and sat up. His forehead was damp with sweat, and he felt as if his armor were crushing him. Over the wall came the voices of his hounds barking in their kennels. Once he had delighted in the sound, and dearly he had loved their deep baying as he followed them through the forest after the wild boar. But now he quaked from head to heel, and fled

out of the garden for his life. As he ran up the stairs to his room, the clang of his armor, the jingle of his silver spurs, the clatter of his sword, possessed him with such terror that he tore them off and, flinging them from him, sank upon his bed.

Fear followed him even in his sleep. Night after night the challenge of his sentries upon the ramparts, the barking of his watchdogs in the court, kept him shuddering as he lay on his bed, and he buried his face, like a frightened child, in the pillow. Night after night he wept to think he was such a coward, and paused in the midst of his tears to shudder and shake at the wind that sang around the castle roof, or the sound of the river as it lapped the foundation walls, far below.

At length a body of his enemies took heart and came to besiege him in his castle. The knight's soldiers eyed their master, and

waited for him to give the word and lead them forth. They could not understand why he delayed. But he,—whose heart had used to swell at the sound,—when he heard the clash of arms, the shouts of men, and the tramp of horses' hoofs, fled up and up to the topmost chamber of his castle. And from there looked down upon the enemy's force. And when he remembered his deeds in times past, his campaigns and combats and victories, he fell on his knees and clasped his hands together, and cried out aloud :

“ O God ! give me back my courage : give me the old strength and vigor of heart. Already my men have taken the field, and I who used to lead them now peer out upon the enemy, like a girl, through the highest loop-hole. Give my old self back to me, and send me forth a man again.”

As he prayed he seemed to awake from



"THE KNIGHT SPURRED HIS HORSE" (p. 76).



a dream. He ran down to his chamber, buckled on his armor, leaped upon his horse, and rode out at the castle gate. His soldiers shouted as he came, and sounded the trumpets. The knight spurred his horse and dashed forward with fury. But in his secret heart he was afraid; and when his men pressed after him and gallantly engaged the enemy, his fear grew and grew, and he turned and fled.

Even when he was back in his fortress, safe behind the thick walls, the fear did not leave him. He tottered down from his horse, ran to an inner chamber, and there, quite unmanned, sat down and waited for a shameful death.

But as it happened he was safe, for his men had turned the foe and chased them off the field. The guards cheered as they returned victorious, and the trumpets sounded along the battlements. But

when they came to look for their chief, they found him hiding, half-dead, in a deep cellar.

The unhappy knight did not live long after this. During the winter he tried to warm his limbs by the big fireside of his castle, but they shivered and shook all the time. When spring came he would open his window to the sunshine and fresh air; and one day a swallow that had built its nest under the eaves of the roof came swooping by and brushed the knight's face with its wing. As if struck by lightning the poor man fell down upon the ground, and in a short while died.

All his men mourned for their master; for they knew that nothing but enchantment could have changed so good a knight. And about a year after, when some sorceresses were undergoing the ordeal for keeping off the rain, one of them confessed that she had

stolen the knight's heart and put a hare's heart in its place. Then they understood why a man who had once been so bold had become so fearful : and dragging the witch to his grave, they burned her there alive.

PRINCE HATT UNDER THE EARTH.



## PRINCE HATT UNDER THE EARTH ;

OR, THE THREE SINGING LEAVES.

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ONCE upon a time there lived a king, who had three daughters, all beautiful as the day, and so amiable that their like was not to be found far or near. But the youngest princess excelled her sisters, not only in beauty, but in gentleness and goodness of heart. Everybody loved her, and the king, her father, was more fondly attached to her than to either of his other daughters.

It happened, one autumn, that there was a fair in a town not far from the royal palace, and the king resolved on going to it with his attendants. Before setting out, he summoned his daughters, and asked them what they

would like for fairings ; for it was his custom always to bring them home some present.

Said the eldest princess : “ I should like a necklace of rubies, and slippers of satin, and a canary in a silver cage.”

And the second said : “ I should like a necklace of emeralds, and some new strings for my harp, and a little white kitten, so small that it can curl up and sleep on my hand.”

But when it came to the turn of the youngest she said she wished for nothing.

The king was surprised at this, and asked her whether she would not like some ornament or other ; but she answered that she had plenty of gold and jewels. When he continued, however, to urge her, she said : “ There is one thing I would gladly have, if only I dared to ask.”

“ What may that be ? ” her father asked. “ Tell me ; and if it be in my power, you shall have it.”

“It is this,” said the princess; “I have heard talk of the three singing leaves, and them I wish to have before all things in the world.”

The king laughed. “That is no great request,” said he, “but since you desire these leaves, and no greater gift, you shall have them.” So he kissed his daughter, and rode away.

When he reached the town where the fair was held, he found a vast multitude of people, and many foreign merchants uncording their bales, and displaying their wares in the streets and market places. There was no lack of wares; and he very soon made purchases for his two elder daughters. But although he went from booth to booth, and inquired of the traders, both from the East and the West, he could learn nothing of the three singing leaves; but all shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders. At length the



king was tired out. Evening was drawing on, and though much disappointed, for he would gladly have gratified his best-loved daughter, he ordered his horse to be saddled, summoned his attendants, and rode homeward in very low spirits.

But a very few miles beyond the town, as he rode along deep in thought, he suddenly lifted his head and reined up his horse. By this time it was twilight, and the hedges were dim on either hand; but over the hedgerow to his right sounds were floating, as of harps and lutes and dulcimers, so exquisitely sweet that it seemed to him he had never heard the like in his whole life. As he listened the music grew sweeter and sweeter. He rose in his stirrups and tried to peer over the hedge; but it was too dark to see whence the sounds proceeded. Without hesitating longer, he rode on to the nearest gate and entered a spacious green meadow; and here

the concert became louder and clearer the further he went, till at last he came to a hazel bush, on the top of which three golden leaves were swaying to and fro in the breeze, and as they swayed they sang in the most delicious harmony.

The king was now not a little glad ; for he knew, of course, that these must be the leaves of which his daughter had spoken. He was just about to pluck them, when, as he stretched out his hand they drew back from his grasp, and at the same instant a voice cried out of the hazel bush :

“TOUCH NOT MY LEAVES !”

As soon as the king could find his speech, he asked, “Who are you ? And will you sell me your leaves for gold or good words ?”

The voice answered (and this time it seemed to come from the roots of the bush) :  
“I am PRINCE HATT UNDER THE EARTH,

and neither with bad nor good will you buy my leaves, but with one promise only."

"What is that?" asked the king eagerly.

"It is," replied the voice, "that you will give me the first living thing you meet when you return home to your palace."

The king thought this a singular demand, but he remembered the promise he had made to his youngest daughter, and gave his word. The leaves now no longer shrank back from his touch, and he easily gathered them, and went on his way again, full of joy.

We must now run ahead of him and look into the royal palace, where the three princesses had been sitting the whole live-long day, sewing silk on their knees and talking of the presents their father was to bring home from the fair. As the sun sank, the youngest laid down her needle and said: "Let us go

down the hill and along the road and meet our father on his way."

But "No," said her two sisters, "the road is dusty, and will spoil our gold-embroidered shoes."

So they sat and sewed on for a little while longer; and then the youngest set down her needle again and said: "It would be pleasant to run down the hill and along the road and meet him."

But "No," said her sisters again; "why should we? The dew is falling and will spoil our silk-embroidered stockings."

A little while yet the youngest stitched on, and then she laid her needle by the third time. "Stay you here and sew," said she, "and I will go alone and meet my father."

So she tied on her cloak, and ran down the hill and along the road: and very soon she heard the tramp of horses and the noise of

men and the clashing of arms. But above all these sounds she heard another, and this was the sweetest song ever listened to by mortal ears. And hearing this, she ran faster : for now she knew it was her father coming and that he was bringing with him the three singing leaves. And coming upon the cavalcade around a corner of the road, she ran to him and sprang up to throw her arms about him and kiss him.

But the king trembled as he stooped in his saddle toward her, for he remembered his oath, and now saw that he had promised away his own child. For a long time he could not speak, and the princess begged him in vain to tell her the cause of his sorrow ; but at length he related all that had befallen him on his journey, and how he had promised the first living creature he should meet on his return. And with this he burst into tears, and the princess, too, wept bitterly, and all

the courtiers wept with them. Never was there such lamentation.

But there was no help for it, since the king had given his oath. And the end was that he returned to the meadow and left his daughter by the hazel bush, and rode away broken-hearted.

A long time the princess stood weeping by the green hazel bush, following her father with her eyes: for the moon had risen by this time, and the country for miles around was clear to see. But when the king and his cavalcade had passed out of sight, and while she was still listening to the tramp of their horses, suddenly the bush, against which she was leaning, opened its green arms gently and inclosed her, and sank softly with her, down, down, and under the ground.

Then the princess looked about her, and was amazed to find herself in a spacious hall, the roof of which stood on glittering pillars

and was ornamented with gold and silver and precious stones. Each of these precious stones was a tiny lamp, and together they gave the most exquisite soft light, by which she was able to see all about her. There was not a living soul in the hall; but a beautiful bed stood all ready in the corner, with sheets and coverlet whiter than driven snow: and on this the princess flung herself when she grew weary of exploring. The light of the lamps died out, and presently she fell into a delicious sleep.

She had not rested long when the door opened and a man entered, who walked straight to the bed, welcomed her with many loving words, and said that he was the master of the place and that his name was Prince Hatt.

“For the present, dearest,” he went on, “you cannot see me; for I live under a spell which a wicked Troll-wife has cast upon me,

and must not be seen by any living being. Therefore I can come to you only by night. But if you will be faithful to me, her spell will be broken in time."

He then lay down on the bed and slept by the side of the princess ; but rose before day dawned, and left his young bride. Nor until the night had fallen again did he revisit her.

A long time passed thus. The princess sat in her beautiful chamber, and everything she wished for she had. If she felt melancholy she had only to listen to the three singing leaves and she grew cheerful again. And by and by she gave up feeling melancholy, for three of the loveliest children were born to her : first two little sons and then a little daughter. And now she was perfectly happy, and did nothing all day long but caress and care for her children and watch them at their play, and long for her beloved Prince Hatt.



But one evening it happened that the prince returned home later than usual.

"Dearest of my heart," said the princess, "where have you been so long? For my heart has been troubled about you."

"I come," he answered, "from your father's court, and I have news for you. The king is about to marry again, and if it will give you pleasure you shall go to the wedding and take the children with you."

The princess was delighted, and thanked her husband over and over. But he added :

"One thing, however, you must promise me—that you will never tell my secret. But if your stepmother takes you by the hand and wants to lead you into a room to talk with you alone, you must refuse. For otherwise evil will come upon us both."

"No, indeed," said the princess, "I will never tell our secret."

So next morning she prepared her richest



" SHE DID NOTHING ALL DAY BUT CARESS AND CARE FOR HER CHILDREN " (p. 91).

clothes and ornaments for the wedding. When all was ready there came forth a gilt coach, in which she seated herself with her children, and was whisked over hill and dale, and in the twinkling of an eye drew up before her father's palace. The wedding guests were already assembled, and the wedding beer was being drunk amid much mirth and revelry. You can fancy the joy of all at the princess' unexpected arrival. The king rose from his throne and embraced her with delight, and so did his bride and both the princesses. All crowded around her and bade her heartily welcome.

When the first greetings were over, the king and queen began to ask the princess many questions, but above all the queen was anxious to know about Prince Hatt, who he was and how he behaved to her. The princess answered very sparingly, so that it was easy to see she spoke on the subject with

reluctance; but the queen's curiosity only rose the higher. At length her continued questions vexed the king. "Wife," he said, "what is all this to us? It is enough that my daughter is contented and happy." This silenced her for a while, but presently she went up slyly and took the princess by the hand and whispered:

"Come with me, and we can talk alone in my own chamber."

The princess remembered Prince Hatt's warning and answered: "What we have to say can be said now as well as any time, and here as well as anywhere."

So the stepmother was baffled. But being a crafty woman, she waited and watched an opportunity to take the princess off her guard. So a day or two after, as they sat and watched the princess' children, who were playing about the room, she began to speak in praise of them, how quick they were, and

how fortunate it was to have such children, and that no doubt they took after their father, who must be a very comely young man.

“That I do not know, for I have never seen him,” said the princess, all unawares. The next moment she could have bitten her tongue out: for the queen clasped her hands together and almost screamed:

“You have never seen him? Oh, oh, oh! I do believe you are married to some ugly, nasty Troll!”

Well, the princess was indignant enough; but how could she prove that this was untrue? The stepmother then went on to exclaim and inveigh so bitterly against Prince Hatt for deceiving his wife that at length the whole story came out.

“I must say,” said the queen, “that you haven’t much spirit. Depend upon it, your husband is a Troll. But I will teach you a

way to find out. Take this box: it contains a ring, a flint and steel, and a taper. If you wish to see your husband as he really is, you must rise in the night, strike fire through the ring and light the taper. Only be careful not to wake him."

The princess thanked her for the gift, and promised to follow her instructions. When the wedding feast was over, the princess began to long for home. Instantly the gilt coach came forth, and, seating herself in it with her children, she was whisked over hill and dale, and in a few seconds arrived at the green bush. There she alighted and descended to her underground chamber; and the three singing leaves played so sweetly that it seemed to her far more pleasant beneath the earth than in the king's court. Nevertheless, her heart was ill at ease.

When it grew late and dark the prince returned as usual, and great was the joy of

their meeting: "For," said Prince Hatt, "my thoughts have been with you night and day."

But the princess lay long awake that night,



"DRAWING CLOSE TO THE BED SHE LET THE LIGHT  
SHINE ON HIM."

and when she heard that her husband was asleep she got up, struck fire through the ring, lit the taper, and, drawing close to the bed, let the light shine down on him. And

lo ! there lay the handsomest young man that eyes had seen, so that only to look at him was to forget everything in the world besides ; and she loved him so much that she must kiss him or die. So she kissed him ; but as she stooped a hot drop fell from the taper on his shirt, and he opened his eyes.

“ Best beloved,” he said, “ this is an evil thing thou hast done.”

And as he spoke the three singing leaves were silent, the beautiful chamber shook, and was changed into a cavern of serpents and toads, and the prince and princess, with their children, stood there in darkness. But Prince Hatt was—blind.

The princess fell on her knees, and with bitter tears implored her forgiveness. The prince answered : “ I forgive thee ; but choose now. Wilt thou follow thy blind husband, or turn and go back to thy father’s house ? ”



At these words the princess wept more bitterly, so that her tears trickled down on the earth. "Now I know thou hast not forgiven me from the heart, to ask this question : for I will follow thee so long as I live on earth." Then she took the prince by the hand, and they forsook their home under the green bush, and walked forward through the wild forest. After wandering a long way they came to a green pathway, and here the prince stopped.

"Best beloved, dost thou see anything? for I am blind."

"I see only the forest with its green trees," said she.

"Look again."

"Yes, now I see a great palace, the roof of which shines like gold."

"That is my sister's house. Go in and greet her from me, and pray her to receive our little children, and rear them till they are

grown up. She will do what I ask. But suffer her not to come out to me, for then we must be parted forever."

The princess did as she was told, though with a very heavy heart. She met with the kindest reception from the prince's sister, and was about to return, but when she came to part from her children her heart was ready to burst with grief, and she forgot the prince's warning and everything besides. She let her sister-in-law walk back with her, without a word to hinder; and the sister flung herself upon Prince Hatt's neck, and wept to find him blind. But Prince Hatt went pale as death, and turned his face toward his wife.

"Best beloved," said he, "this, again, is an evil thing thou hast done."

At the same moment a cloud swept down from the sky and Prince Hatt vanished in the air as a bird flies.

A long time the princess and her sister-in-law mingled their tears and would not be

comforted. When their eyes were weary of weeping, the prince's sister said :  
"Come into my house, and live with me, and we will mourn all our days for him who is lost."

"No," said the princess, "I will not come with you ; and I will not cease from seeking him, even should I wander over all the wide world."

"I cannot give you any advice," said the other, "except that you go to the tall mountain you see beyond the forest. There dwells an old Troll-wife, named Old Bertha, who is very wise ;



"PRINCE HATT VANISHED  
IN THE AIR AS A BIRD  
FLIES."

and, perhaps, she can tell you how to find Prince Hatt."

So they parted, and the princess went forward on her way, and walked for many days, until she came to the mountain. Halfway up the mountain side was a big cave, the entrance of which stood open ; and within the princess saw a company of little Trolls, gathered round a fire, and in the midst of them an old woman spinning with a golden spinning-wheel. She was very ugly, and her nose and chin almost touched, and the princess guessed at once that this must be Old Bertha. So she entered the cave and greeted her :

" Good-evening, dear mother ! "

At this all the small Trolls sprang up in surprise to see a Christian woman. But Old Bertha answered : " Good-evening ! Who are you that come and greet me so kindly ? I have now sat here for five hundred years, but

no one before has ever called me 'dear mother.' "

The princess then told her errand, and asked the old dame if she knew anything concerning Prince Hatt. "No," was the answer, "I do not; but because you called me 'dear mother' you shall sleep the night here, and to-morrow one of my little Trolls shall lead you to a sister of mine, who is twice as old as I am, and may be able to give you some information."

So the princess slept that night in the cavern, and set out early next day with the little Troll to guide her. But as she was starting, Old Bertha said: "Good luck go with you; and since you called me 'dear mother,' I pray you accept this spinning wheel. As long as you possess it, want shall never come nigh you, for it alone spins as much yarn as nine others."

The princess thanked her, and went her

way over hills and valleys, stocks and stones ; and late in the evening her guide brought her to a high mountain, on the top of which there glimmered a light like a little star. "There," said the Troll ; "yonder lies your way, and it's now time for me to be getting home." Saying this, he left her ; but the princess climbed over stock and stone till she found herself high up on the mountain, before a cave, the door of which stood open, so that the light of the fire inside shone red through the darkness. Around this fire sat a company of Trolls, and among them a very, very old crone, winding yarn on a golden reel. She was very ugly and her head shook to and fro, and the princess guessed at once that this must be Old Bertha's sister.

"Good-evening, dear mother !" said she.

The crone looked up, and said, "Good-evening ! Who are you that greet me so kindly ? I have sat here for a thousand

years, but no one before has called me 'dear mother.'" The princess told her, but the crone shook her head. "I have no tidings of Prince Hatt," she said, "but my elder sister may give you some; for she's twice as old as I." So the princess remained in the cave that night, and when morning dawned there was a little Troll in readiness to show her the way. At parting the old woman said: "Good luck go with you; and because you called me 'dear mother,' I pray you to accept this golden reel. While you possess it want will never come nigh you, for it will of itself wind all the yarn that your wheel can spin."

The princess thanked her, and traveled on a wearisome way that day, and at nightfall reached the foot of a high mountain, at the top of which a great light shone. Thereupon the little Troll who accompanied her said: "It is time for me to return. My aunt's sister dwells up yonder; you can find

the way alone." He then ran off; but the princess went on and on, over stock and stone, till she reached a cave, the entrance of which stood open, so that the fire-light streamed out through the coal-black darkness. On entering, she found a company of Trolls, and a very, very aged woman, who was counting gold into a long purse; her nose had grown almost into her chin, and her head nodded backward and forward till it seemed about to tumble off.

"Good-evening, dear mother!" said the princess.

"Good-evening! Who are you that greet me so kindly? I have sat here for two thousand years, but no one before has called me 'dear mother.'"

Then the princess told her name, and all her trouble.

"I have heard of Prince Hatt," said the crone. "He dwells now in a castle east of



the Sun and west of the Moon, and you will be a long time getting to it, if ever you get to it at all. A Troll-queen has enchanted him, and means to marry him to her daugh-



“‘GOOD EVENING, DEAR MOTHER,’ SAID THE PRINCESS.”

ter, who has a nose which is three ells long ; and so deep is his enchantment that he has forgotten all about you and everything else.”

The princess would have asked more ques-

tions, but the old crone added: "Stay here to-night. We will talk of the matter in the morning."

When the day began to break the princess arose from sleep, and saw the old woman standing beside her. "I have been considering," she said, "and the best thing for you is to go to the cave of the Four Winds; perhaps one of them has seen the castle on his travels, and may be able to blow you hither. You must follow the sun, and that will bring you to the cave; and since you called me 'dear mother,' I pray you to accept this purse. While you have it, want cannot come nigh you; for however much you take out, this purse is always full of gold money."

So the princess thanked her, and followed the sun for many weary days; and at last came to a deep cavern, at the entrance of which sat the East Wind and whistled between his fingers.

“East Wind,” said she, “can you tell me the way to Prince Hatt, who is shut up in a castle east of the Sun and west of the Moon?”

“I have heard of the prince,” said he, “and of the castle; but I have never seen them, for I have never blown so far.”

Then he whistled more loudly between his fingers, and his two brothers, the South Wind and the West Wind, came running out of the cave.

“Does either of you,” said he, “know how to find Prince Hatt, who is shut up in a castle east of the Sun and west of the Moon?”

But the South Wind and the West Wind shook their heads. “We have heard tell of the prince and of the castle, but we have not seen either. We are pretty stout, to be sure, but we have never blown so far as that. Better wait till our brother, the North Wind,

comes home. He is the oldest and strongest of us all; and if he does not know, nobody can tell you."

So they waited at the mouth of the cave; and after a while there came a roar and an icy blast, and the terrible North Wind stood before them and shook the icicles from his hair.

"Hullo! What do you want?" he bellowed, and the princess rose as she heard.

"This is she," answered the East Wind, "that should have Prince Hatt, who is shut up in a castle east of the Sun and west of the Moon; and she wishes to ask you if you have ever been there, and can tell her the way."

"Yes," said the North Wind, "I know where it is. I once blew an aspen leaf there, but I was so tired that I could not blow at all for many days after. However, if you are

not afraid, I will take you on my back and try if I can carry you there."

"I have no fear," said the princess.

"Very well," said the North Wind; "but you must sleep here to-night; for I must collect my strength, and we shall want a whole long day for the journey."

So the princess slept that night in the Cave of the Winds; and just before dawn the North Wind came and woke her. He puffed and swelled himself till he was terrible to see, and off they went, swooping across earth and sea as if they never would stop. The air sang in the princess' ears and her golden locks streamed out behind her, and when she looked down she saw the trees bending and snapping, far below, and the roofs torn from the houses, and the ships on the sea wrecked by scores; and now and again the North Wind clapped his hands, and at each clap there fell a white shower of snow on the

mountain tops. They raced on and on, hour after hour; and now there was no land in sight, and the North Wind grew tired, and



“HE PUFFED AND SWELLED HIMSELF TILL HE WAS  
TERRIBLE TO SEE.”

more tired, and then utterly weary. Down he sank, lower and lower, as his breath came thick and short; and at last they were so close to the sea that its waves dashed over

the poor princess' feet. "Art thou afraid?" asked the North Wind.

"I have no fear," the princess answered; for she thought only of reaching her dear husband. But now they were nearing land again, and the North Wind had just strength to throw her on the shore above the breakers and under the windows of a tall castle that stood facing the sea. So weary was he that he had to rest for many days before he recovered strength enough to return.

But when the princess had rested she walked up the beach toward the castle, and the first person she met was the maiden with the long nose who was to have Prince Hatt. "Who are you," asked the Troll's daughter, "and where do you come from?" The princess replied: "I am only a poor stranger seeking service." "What can you do?" "I can spin," said the princess, and she seated herself before her golden spinning wheel and

began. The eyes of the long-nosed girl began to open very wide indeed ; and by and by she called her mother out, and together they watched the wonderful wheel as it flew round and round. "How much do you want for that wheel?" the Troll asked. "Gold nor money can buy it, but one thing only," said the princess. "And what is that?" asked the old Troll-queen.

"Well," the princess answered, "if I may go to the prince who is here, and speak with him alone to-night, you shall have the wheel." "You may do that," said the Troll-queen, after whispering to her daughter. So the princess gave up her spinning wheel. But when she entered Prince Hatt's room that night and fell on his neck and sobbed with joy, alas! the prince neither woke nor stirred: for the Troll-queen had mixed a sleeping potion with his wine, and he was dead-asleep. All the long night the princess



called to him and shook him ; and at times she begged his forgiveness and wept so that it might have melted a stone to pity. But he never heard. And at dawn the long-nosed girl came and drove her out.

For a long while the princess sat on the beach and mourned, but toward evening she took her golden reel and sat down under the windows of the castle and began to wind the yarn she had spun yesterday. After a time two of the windows opened above her and out popped the heads of the Troll-queen and her daughter, though the daughter had much ado to get her nose out, and when it *was* out it swung to and fro in the wind like a great cucumber. "What will you take for that reel?" they asked. The princess answered as before that neither gold nor money could buy it, but that if she could get leave to pass another night with the prince they should have it. And so it was agreed. But again

when she went up to Prince Hatt's room he was asleep, and for all her entreaties and all her tears he would not wake. When daylight came the long-nosed girl entered as before and drove her out.

The third day the princess went up to the castle and boldly knocked, and, when the Troll-queen came out, showed her the purse that was always full of gold money. "This also you shall have," said she, "if I may spend a third night in the prince's room."



"SHE SAT DOWN UNDER THE WINDOWS OF THE CASTLE."

"Well, I have no objection to that," said the Troll-queen.

But it happened that, besides Prince Hatt, there were many Christian folk shut up in this castle by the spells of the old Troll, and these prisoners slept in the chamber which lay next to that of the prince, and had heard a woman weeping and calling two nights running; and they told Prince Hatt. "Why, that is what I have been dreaming about, too!" said he. So that evening, when the Troll-queen handed him his cup of wine, he only pretended to drink, and cast the liquor over his shoulder. Then, throwing himself back, he appeared to sink into a deep sleep.

When, therefore, the princess was alone that night with her beloved, and fell on his neck and called him by name, he heard her. But at first it bewildered him, and he had no clear memory of her. Then she wrung her hands and besought his forgiveness for the

injuries she had done him, and recounted all the story of their former love and all the miseries through which she had sought him over the wide world. And as she spoke Prince Hatt's memory came back, and he knew her and drew her to him: and now there was gladness where before had been weeping and sorrow, and they thought little of their afflictions in the joy of each other's company. But when day drew near it was time to consult how they might outwit the old Troll and her daughter: "For I will never marry her," said Prince Hatt, "and 'tis you alone can help me. The wedding is fixed a few days hence, and I will say I want to see what my bride can do, and will bid her wash the shirt on which the drop of tallow fell. She will consent to this, for she does not know that it was you that let it fall: but nobody can wash it out who is not born of Christian folk. So she will scrub and scrub,

and do no good: and I will declare that nobody shall be my bride but the woman who can do this, and I know that you can." So it was agreed on, and when the long-nosed girl came in as usual to drive the princess out, Prince Hatt pretended to be fast asleep.

But now there was great bustle and tumult in the castle as the wedding-day drew near, and a vast multitude of Trolls were invited from far and wide to the feastings. "But I cannot marry a wife," said Prince Hatt, when all were assembled, "until I have seen what she can do." "That is fair enough," everybody agreed. "Well," said he, "I have a fine shirt that I want to wear as my wedding-shirt, but somebody has spilled tallow upon it. I will marry the woman who can wash my shirt clean. If a woman cannot do that, she is not worth having."

Well, this did not seem much of a stipulation, so it was agreed to. The Troll's

daughter with the long nose stepped up full of confidence to the washing-tub and began to wash; but the harder she rubbed the larger and dirtier grew the spot of tallow. "Ah! I see I shall have to marry the prince myself," cried the mother. "Give the shirt to me; you can't wash at all." But she had no better luck. Indeed, the shirt began to look dirtier and dirtier, and for all her labor the spot grew larger and larger. So all the other Trolls had to come and help, and a pretty mess they made of it. Before long they were gnashing their teeth and hopping about with rage. The prince began to laugh. "Why," said he, "there's not one of you that's any good at all! I'll be bound that poor beggar girl I see yonder, outside the window, can wash better than all of you put together. Come in, you beggar girl!" he cried. So in she came. "Can you wash this shirt white?" he asked. "It's dirty enough,

to be sure," said she ; "but I can try." And with that she dipped it into the water, and lo and behold ! it was whiter than driven snow. "That's the wife for me," said Prince Hatt.

Then the old Troll-queen flew into such a rage that she burst ; and whether the long-nosed daughter and the other Trolls burst too, or whether Prince Hatt soused them head over heels into the hot water (which is an excellent treatment for Trolls), I don't know. But I do know that they have never been heard of since ; and that Prince Hatt and his dear wife set free all the Christian folk imprisoned in the castle, and took the golden spinning wheel and the golden reel and the purse, and set their faces toward home. And after long journeying they came to a magnificent castle that lay glittering in the sunshine. In the courtyard of the castle there stood a green bush, from which, as they drew near, they heard the sweetest music

issuing, as of harps mingled with the song of birds. Glad was the princess, for she recognized the three singing leaves ; but you may believe that her joy was greater far when a door opened and out walked her three children, with Prince Hatt's three sisters, and welcomed them. Thus the prince and princess, after many sorrows, received the reward of true love, and were happy ever after. And so is the story told.





BLUE BEARD.



## BLUE BEARD.

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THERE was once a man who had fine houses, in town and country, much silver and gold plate, embroidered furniture, and coaches gilded all over with gold. But unluckily this man had a blue beard, which made him so frightfully ugly that all the women and girls ran away at the sight of him.

One of his neighbors, a lady of quality, had two daughters of the rarest beauty. He went to her and asked for one of them in marriage, leaving her to choose which of the two she would bestow on him. They would neither of them have him, but sent him to and fro from one to the other, not being able to make up their minds to marry a man who had a blue beard. And what increased

their disgust, too, was that he had already married several wives, and nobody knew what had become them.

Blue Beard, to make their acquaintance thoroughly, invited them, with their mother and three or four of their best friends and other young people of the neighborhood, to one of his country houses. They stayed there a whole week. There was nothing all this time but parties of pleasure—hunting, fishing, dancing, revelry, and feasting. Nobody went to bed, but all passed their nights in joking and rallying one another. In short, everything succeeded so well that the younger daughter began to think their host's beard not so blue, after all, and that he himself was a mighty pleasant gentleman.

As soon as they returned home the marriage was concluded. A month afterward Blue Beard told his wife that he must take a country journey, and be away six

weeks at least, on an important matter of business : and desired her to divert herself in his absence by sending for her friends—to carry them into the country, if she pleased, and to make good cheer wherever she was.

“ Here,” said he, “ are the keys of the two great store chambers which hold my best furniture ; these are the keys of my gold and silver plate, which is only used on great occasions ; these open the coffers where I keep my money, both gold and silver ; these are of my jewel boxes ; and this is the master-key to all my apartments. But this little one, here, is the key of the closet at the end of the great gallery on the ground floor. Open them all ; go into all and every one of them except that little closet. Into that I forbid you to go ; and I forbid it so strongly that if you *should* happen to open it, there is nothing you may not expect from my wrath.”

She promised to obey all his orders exactly : and he, after embracing her, got into his coach and was driven off.

Her neighbors and dear friends hardly waited to be invited by the bride, so impatient were they to see all the riches of the house, having never dared to come while her husband was at home, because of his blue beard, which terrified them. They ran at once through all the rooms, closets, and wardrobes, each of which seemed richer than the last. They went upstairs to the two great store chambers, and could not sufficiently admire the number and beauty of the tapestries, beds, couches, cabinets, stands, tables, and looking-glasses in which you could see yourself from head to foot, with their frames of glass and silver and silver-gilt, the finest and most magnificent ever seen. They ceased not to extol and envy their friend's good fortune. She, meanwhile, was not in the least

amused by the sight of all these rich things, because of the impatience she felt to go and open the closet downstairs. So pressed was she with curiosity that, without considering that it was uncivil to leave her guests, she ran down a little back staircase, and in such haste that two or three times she was nearly breaking her neck.

When she reached the closet door she paused for a minute or so, thinking upon her husband's command and considering what unhappiness might follow if she disobeyed it. But the temptation was too strong for her to overcome. She took the little key and, trembling, opened the door.

At first she could see nothing, because the windows were shut. But after a moment or two she began to perceive that the floor was all covered with clotted blood, in which lay the bodies of several dead women, ranged along the walls. And these were all the



wives whom Blue Beard had married and murdered, one after another.

She thought she should have died of fear, and the key which she had pulled out of the lock fell from her hand. When she had regained her senses a little, she picked up the key, locked the door again, and went upstairs to her own room to recover herself, but she could not ; the shock was too great. She now found that the key of the closet was stained with blood, and tried two or three times to wipe it ; but the blood would not come off. In vain did she wash it, and even scrub it with soap and sand : the blood still remained, for it was a magic key, and there was no way of making it quite clean ; as fast as the blood was gone off one side it came again on the other.

That very evening Blue Beard returned from his journey, saying he had received letters upon the road, which told him that the

business he went about was settled, and to his advantage. His wife did all she could to make him believe she was delighted at his speedy return. Next morning he asked her for the keys, which she gave him, but with such a trembling hand that he easily guessed what had happened.

“How is this?” said he. “Why is not the key of my closet among the rest?”

“I must have left it upstairs on my table,” said she.

“Fetch it to me at once,” said Blue Beard. “At once, and without fail.”

After going backward and forward several times, she was forced to bring the key. Blue Beard examined it closely, and said to his wife:

“How comes this blood upon the key?”

“I do not know,” answered the poor woman, paler than death.

“You do not know!” cried Blue Beard.

"But I know well enough. You have chosen to enter that closet. Mighty well, madam! you shall go in, and take your place among the ladies you saw there."

She flung herself at her husband's feet, and wept and begged his pardon with all the signs of true repentance for her disobedience. She would have melted a rock, so beautiful and sorrowful she was; but Blue Beard had a heart harder than any rock.

"You must die, madam," said he, "and that presently."

"Since I must die," she answered, looking at him with her eyes all bathed in tears, "give me a little time to say my prayers."

"I will give you," replied Blue Beard, "half a quarter of an hour, and not a second more."

When she was alone, she called her sister and said: "Dear sister Anne," (for that was

her name) "go up, I pray you, upon the top of the tower and look if my brothers are not coming. They promised to come and see



"SHE FLUNG HERSELF AT HER HUSBAND'S FEET."

me to-day, and if you see them, give them a signal to make haste."

Her sister Anne went up upon the roof of the tower; and from time to time the unhappy lady cried out to her:

*"Anne, sister Anne, do you see anyone coming?"*

And sister Anne answered her :

*"I see nothing but the noon dust a-blowing, and the green grass a-growing."*

Meanwhile Blue Beard, with a great saber in his hand, was shouting to his wife as loud as he could bawl :

*"Come down quickly, or I will come up to you!"*

*"A moment—give me a moment longer,"* she answered, and called softly to her sister :

*"Anne, sister Anne, do you see anyone coming?"*

And sister Anne answered :

*"I see nothing but the noon dust a-blowing and the green grass a-growing."*

*"Come down quickly,"* shouted Blue Beard, *"or I will come up to you!"*

*"I am coming,"* answered his wife ; and

then she cried: "*Anne, sister Anne, do you not see anyone coming?*"

"I see," answered sister Anne, "yonder a great cloud of dust coming."

"Are they my brothers?"

"Alas! no, sister. I see a flock of sheep."

"Will you not come down?" shouted Blue Beard.

"Just a moment longer," said his wife, and then cried out: "*Anne, sister Anne, do you see nobody coming?*"

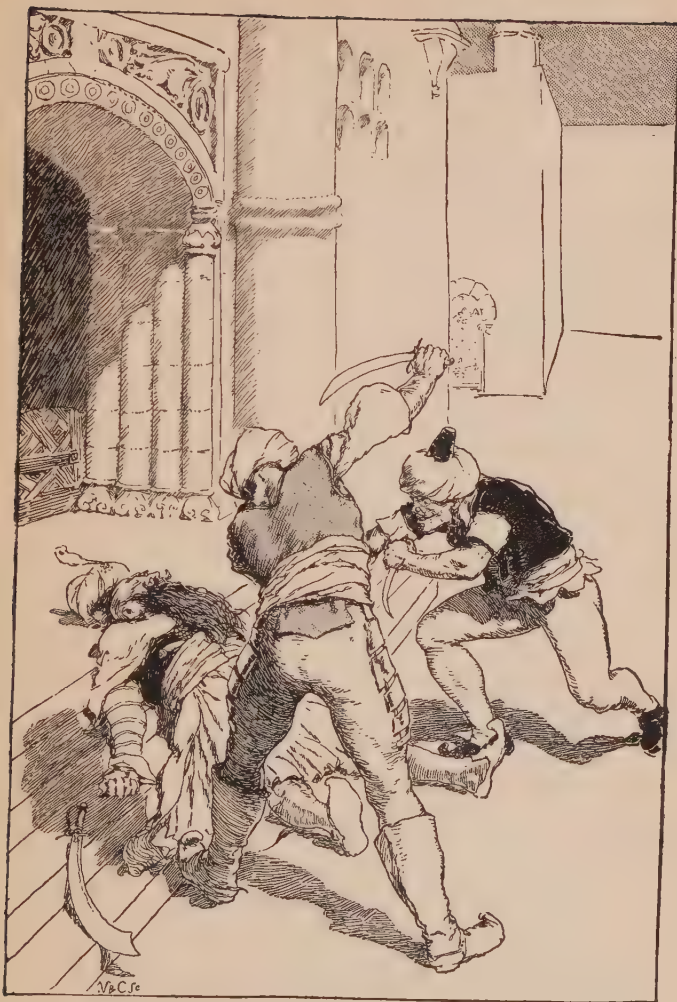
"I see," she answered, "yonder two knights a-riding; but they are yet a great way off. God be praised," she cried, a moment after, "they are our brothers! I am making signs to them, as well as I can, to hasten."

Then Blue Beard bawled out so loud that he made the whole house tremble. The poor lady came down and threw herself at his feet, all in tears, with her hair about her shoulders.

“This shall not help you,” says Blue Beard, “you must die!” Then taking hold of her hair with one hand, and swinging up his saber with the other, he was going to chop off her head. The poor lady turned about to him, and looking at him with dying eyes, entreated him to grant her just a moment more to fix her thoughts on devotion.

“No, no,” said he; “recommend thyself to God!” and lifted his arm to strike.

At that very instant there came so loud a knocking at the gate that Blue Beard made a sudden stop. The gate opened and two horsemen ran in, who drew their swords and rushed upon Blue Beard. He saw at once they were his wife’s brothers, one a dragoon, the other a musketeer, and ran away to save himself; but the two brothers pursued so close that they overtook him before he could get to the steps of the porch, and ran their swords through his body and left him dead.



"THEY RAN THEIR SWORDS THROUGH HIS BODY" (p. 138).



The poor wife was almost as dead as her husband, and had not strength enough to rise and give her brothers welcome.

Blue Beard had no heirs, and so his wife became mistress of all his estate. She made use of one part of it to marry her sister to a young gentleman who had loved her a long while ; another part to buy captain's commissions for her two brothers, and the rest to marry herself to a very worthy gentleman who made her forget the ill time she had passed with Blue Beard.

THE BOLIAWNS.



## THE BOLIAWNS.

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TOM FITZPATRICK was the eldest son of a comfortable farmer who lived nigh-hand to Morristown-Lattin, not far from the Liffey. One fine day in harvest—it was a holiday—Tom was taking a ramble through the land, and went sauntering along the sunny side of the hedge and thinking to himself, when all of a sudden he heard a clacking sort of a noise in the hedge, a little way in front. “Dear me,” said Tom, “but isn’t it now really surprising to hear the stone-chatters singing so late in the season?” So Tom stole on, going on the tips of his toes to try if he could get sight of what was making the noise, to see if he was right in his guess. The noise stopped ; but as Tom looked sharp

through the bushes, what did he see in a nick of the hedge but a brown pitcher, that might hold about a gallon and a half of liquor ; and by and by he spied a little wee teeny-tiny bit of an old man, with a little scrap of a cocked-hat stuck upon the top of his head, a deechy danshy leathern apron hanging before him, who pulled out a little wooden stool and stood up upon it, and dipped a little piggin into the pitcher, and took out the full of it, and put it beside the stool, and began to work at putting a heel-piece on a bit of a brogue just fit for himself.

“ Well, by the powers,” said Tom to himself, “ I often heard tell of the Leprecauns,\* and to tell the truth downright, I never rightly believed in them ; but here’s one in real earnest. If I go knowingly to work, I’m a made man. They say a body must never take his eyes off them, or they’ll escape.”

\* Irish.

Tom now stole on a little further, with his eye fixed on the little man just as a cat does with a mouse. So when he got up quite



“AND DIPPED A LITTLE PIGGIN INTO THE PITCHER.”

close to him, “God bless your work, honest man!” says Tom.

The little man raised up his head, and “Thank you kindly,” says he.

“I wonder you’d be working on the holiday,” says Tom.

“That’s my own business, not yours,” was the reply, short enough.

“ Well, may be you’ll be civil enough to tell us what you’ve got in the pitcher there ? ” said Tom.

“ Ay, that I will with pleasure,” answered the little man ; “ it’s good beer.”

“ Beer ! ” said Tom. “ Blood and turf ! where did you get it ? ”

“ Where did I get it, is it ? Why, I made it, to be sure. And what do you think I made it of ? ”

“ Not a one of me knows,” said Tom ; “ but of malt, I suppose ; what else ? ”

“ There you’re out, then. I made it of heath.”

“ Of heath ! ” said Tom, bursting out laughing. “ Sure, you don’t take me to be fool enough to believe that ? ”

“ As you please,” said he, “ but what I tell you is the real truth. Did you never hear tell of the Danes ? ”

“ Well, what about them ? ” said Tom.

“Why, all the about them is, that when they were here they taught us to make beer out of the heath, and the secret is in my family ever since.”

“Will you give a body a taste of your beer to try?” said Tom.

“I’ll tell you what it is, young man! it would be better for you to be looking after your father’s property than to be bothering decent people with your foolish questions. There now, while you’re idling away your time here, there the cows have broke into the oats and are knocking the corn all about.”

Tom was taken so by surprise with this, that he was just on the very point of turning round, when he recollected himself; so, afraid that the like might happen again, he made a grab at the Leprecaun, and caught him up in his hand; but in his hurry he over-set the pitcher and spilled all the beer, so that he could not get a taste of it to tell what



sort it was. He then swore he'd *do* for him if he did not show where his money was. Tom looked so wicked and so bloody-minded that the little man was quite frightened; so says he: "Come along with me a couple of fields off, and I'll show you a crock of gold."

So they went, and Tom held the Leprecaun fast in his hand, and never took his eyes off him, though they had to cross hedges and ditches, and a crooked bit of bog, till at last they came to a great field all full of boliawns,\* and the Leprecaun pointed to a big boliawn, and says he, "Dig under that boliawn, and you'll get a crock full of golden guineas."

Tom in his hurry hadn't remembered to bring a spade with him, so he thought to run home and fetch one, and that he might know the place again he took off one of his red garters and tied it round the boliawn.

\* Literally, "Yellow stick," the ragwort, which grows to a great size in Ireland.

“Swear you won’t take that garter off from that boliawn,” says he. And the Leprecaun took oath he wouldn’t touch it so much as with his little finger.

“I suppose,” said the Leprecaun very civilly, “you’ve no further occasion for me?”

“No,” says Tom, “you may go away now, if you like, and God speed you, and may good luck attend you wherever you go.”

“Well, good-by to you, Tom Fitzpatrick,” said the Leprecaun; “and much good may it do ye, what you’re going to get.”

So Tom ran for the bare life, till he came home and got a spade, and then away with him as hard as he could pelt back to the field of boliawns. But when he got there, lo and behold! not a boliawn in the field but had a red garter, the very model of his own, tied about it; and as to digging up the whole field, that was all nonsense, for there were

more than forty good Irish acres in it. So Tom came home again with his spade on his shoulder, a little cooler than he went; and many's the hearty curse he gave the Lepre-caun every time he thought of the neat turn he served him.

THE GOOSE-GIRL.



## THE GOOSE-GIRL.

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THE king of a great land died, and left his queen to take care of their only child. This child was a daughter, who grew up to be a most beautiful woman, and was betrothed to a prince who lived a great way off. When the time drew near for her to be married and to depart into a foreign kingdom, her old mother packed up a great many costly things: jewels and gold and silver; trinkets and cups and fine dresses, and, in short, everything that became a royal bride. And she gave her a waiting-maid to ride with her and give her into the bridegroom's hands; and each had a horse for the journey. Now, the princess' horse was called Falada, and could speak.

When the time came for parting, the old queen-mother went into her bed-chamber, and took a little knife and cut her finger until it bled; then she held a white handkerchief under the cut, and letting three drops of blood fall upon it, she gave the handkerchief to her daughter and said: "Take care of it, dear child; for it may be useful to you on the road." Then they took a sorrowful leave of each other; and the princess put the handkerchief into her bosom, mounted her horse, and set off on her journey to her bridegroom's kingdom.

After she had ridden for a while the princess began to feel very thirsty; and coming to a brook, she said to her maid: "Pray get down and fetch me some water in my golden cup from the stream yonder, for I long to drink." "Nay," said the maid, "if you are thirsty, get off yourself and stoop down by the water and drink; I will not be your wait-

ing-maid any longer." So in her great thirst the princess alighted and knelt over the little brook and drank ; for she was frightened and dared not drink out of her golden cup. As she drank she murmured : " Ah, Heaven ! what I am to do ? " And the three drops of blood answered her and said :

" Alas ! alas ! if thy mother knew,  
Sure her heart would break in two,"

But the princess was very gentle and meek, so she said nothing about her maid's ill behavior, but got upon her horse again.

They rode further on their way till the day grew so warm and the sun so scorching that the bride began to feel very thirsty again. And as they came to another brook she called once more to her waiting-maid : " Pray get down and fetch me some water to drink from my golden cup ; " for she had forgotten the girl's rude words. But the waiting-maid



answered her, and even spoke more haughtily than before: "Dismount and drink, if you will; but I will not be your servant." Then the princess was compelled by her thirst to get down, and bent over the running water and wept and said, "Ah, Heaven! what shall I do?" And the three drops of blood answered her again:

"Alas! alas! if thy mother knew,  
Sure her heart would break in two."

And as she leaned down to drink, the handkerchief with the three drops of blood fell from her bosom and floated down the stream, and she, in her distress, never even saw it; but her maid saw it and was very glad; for she knew the charm, and that she would now have power over the princess, who by losing the drops of blood had become weak and helpless. So when the princess had done drinking and would have mounted

her horse again, the one that was called Falada, the maid said: "I shall ride upon Falada, and you may have my horse in-



"THE PRINCESS BENT OVER THE RINGING WATER."

stead;" and this the bride had to submit to. Then the waiting-maid, with many hard words, ordered her to take off her royal clothes and put on her own shabby ones. And last of all this treacherous servant made

her mistress swear by Heaven not to tell what had happened when they came to the royal court—and if she had not taken this oath she would have been killed on the spot. But Falada saw all this, and laid it all to heart.

Then the waiting-maid mounted Falada, and the true bride rode upon the other horse, and thus they rode on till at length they came to the royal court. There was great joy at their coming, and the prince flew to meet them and lifted the maid from her horse, thinking she must be his bride; and she was led upstairs to the royal chamber, but the real princess was left standing in the court below.

Now, the prince's father, the old king, happened just then to have nothing particular to do, so he amused himself by sitting in his window and looking at what was going on: and he saw her in the courtyard,

and it struck him how dainty, and delicate, and beautiful she was. "Too delicate for a waiting-maid," he thought, and went up to the royal chamber and asked the new bride who it was she had brought with her, that was now left standing in the court below. "Oh!" said she, "I brought her with me for company on the road: pray give the girl some work to do, that she may not stand idle." The old king could not for some time think of any work to give her; but at last he said, "I have a boy who looks after the geese; she may go and help him." Now the name of this youth, that the princess was to help in watching the king's geese, was Curdken.

But the false bride said to the prince: "Dear husband, I pray you grant me a favor." "That I will," he answered. "Then tell one of your slaughterers to cut off the head of the horse I rode upon, for it was very

unruly and plagued me sadly on the road." But the truth was, she was afraid lest Falada should speak, some day or other, and tell all she had done to the princess. She had her way, and the faithful Falada was killed; but when the true princess heard of it, she wept and went to the slaughterer and secretly promised him a piece of gold if he would do something for her. There was in the town a high dark gateway through which she had to pass every morning and evening with her geese: Would he be so good as to nail Falada's head over this gateway, that she might still see it sometimes? The slaughterer promised to do that, and cut off the head and nailed it fast over the dark gate.

Early next morning, as she and Curdken were driving their flock through the gate, she looked up and said sorrowfully .

"Falada, Falada, there thou hangest!"

And the head spoke and answered her :

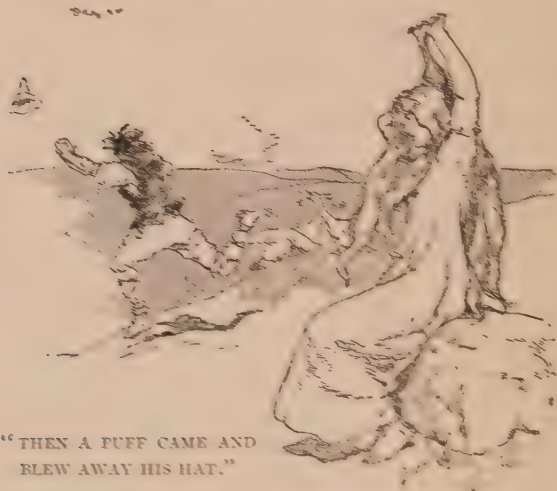
“ Bride, bride, there thou gangest !  
But and if thy mother knew,  
Sure her heart would break in two.”

Then they passed under the dark gateway and drove their geese into the country. And when they came to the common where the geese fed, she sat down on a bank there and unloosed her hair, which was all of pure gold, and began to comb it; and when Curdken saw it glitter in the sun, he ran up and would have pulled some of the locks out, but she cried :

“ Blow, wind, blow to-day !  
Blow Curdken's hat away !  
Let him chase it here and there,  
Here and there and everywhere,  
While I braid my golden hair.”

Then there came a wind so strong that it blew off Curdken's hat, and away it flew over the hills ; and he had to chase it and chase it,

and by the time he came back she had done braiding and binding up her hair, and his chance of getting any was gone. Then



"THEN A PUFF CAME AND  
BLEW AWAY HIS HAT."

Curdken was very angry and sulky, and would not speak a word to her; but they watched the geese until it grew dark in the evening, and then drove them homeward.

Next morning, as they went under the dark gateway, the poor girl looked up at Falada's head and cried:

"Falada, Falada, there thou hangest!"

and it answered:

"Bride, bride, there thou gangest;  
But and if thy mother knew,  
Sure her heart would break in two."

Then she drove on the geese and sat down again on the common, and began to comb out her hair as before; and Curdken ran up to her and wanted to take hold of it, but she cried out quickly:

"Blow, wind, blow to-day!  
Blow Curdken's hat away!  
Let him chase it here and there,  
Here and there and everywhere,  
While I braid my golden hair."

Then a puff came and blew away his hat; and off it flew, over the hills and far away, with Curdken in chase; and when he came back she had bound up her hair again and all was safe. So they watched the geese till it grew dark.



But in the evening after they came home, Curdken went to the old king and said: "I won't herd the geese with that girl any longer!" "Why?" said the king. "Because she does nothing but tease me all day long." Then the king made him tell what had happened. And Curdken said: "When we go out in the morning through the dark gateway with our geese, she cries and talks with the head of a horse that hangs upon the wall, and says:

"'Falada, Falada, there thou hangest.'

And the head answers:

"'Bride, bride, there thou gangest!

But and if thy mother knew,

Sure her heart would break in two.'"

And Curdken went on to tell the king what had happened on the common where the geese fed; how his hat was blown away; and how he was forced to run after it and



"THE POOR GIRL LOOKED UP AT FALADA'S HEAD" (p. 162).

leave his geese to themselves. But the old king told the boy to go and drive out his flock as usual next day, and when morning came, he himself hid behind the dark gate and heard how the goose-girl spoke to Falada, and how Falada answered. Then he ran across the fields and hid behind a bush on the common ; and he soon saw with his own eyes the goose-girl and the goose-boy bringing their flock, and how after a while she sat down and unloosed her hair that glittered in the sun. And then he heard her say :

“ Blow, wind, blow to-day !  
Blow Curdken's hat away !  
Let him chase it here and there,  
Here and there and everywhere,  
While I braid my golden hair.”

Then came a blast of wind and carried off Curdken's hat, and away went Curdken after it, while the girl went on quietly combing and plaiting her hair. All this the old king saw,

and returned to the palace without being seen. In the evening, when the goose-girl came home, he called her aside, and asked her why she did these things. But she burst



•“SHE BEGAN TO SOB AND LAMENT.”

into tears and said: “That I may not tell to you, nor to any man; for I swore by Heaven I would not, and if I had not sworn I should have lost my life.”

Then the old king begged hard that she

would tell him, but could draw nothing from her. At last he said, "Well, if you have sworn to tell it to no man or woman, whisper your trouble to the oven here," and he went away. Then she crept into the oven, and began to sob and lament and pour out her sorrowful heart, saying, "Here sit I, with no one to help, who am a king's daughter, and a false waiting-maid has forced me to take off my royal clothes and has taken my place with my bridegroom, while I have to drudge as a goose-girl.

"'But and if my mother knew,  
Ah! her heart would break in two.'"

But the old king was standing by the oven chimney, outside, and listening, and he heard every word. So he came back to the room again and bade her come out of the oven, and ordered royal robes to be put on her, and gazed on her with wonder, so beautiful was

she. Then he called his son, and told him that he had only the false bride, who was only a waiting-maid, while the real bride stood before him. And the prince rejoiced when he saw her beauty, and heard how meek and patient she had been ; and without saying anything to the false bride, the king ordered a great feast to be got ready for all his court. The bridegroom sat at the head of the table with the princess on one side, and the false princess on the other ; but the waiting-maid was so dazzled that she did not recognize the princess in her glittering garments.

When they had eaten and drunk, and were merry, the old king said he would tell them a tale. So he began and told them the tale, much as I have told it to you, only with different names, pretending it was a story he had heard long ago. And when it was ended he asked the false princess what sentence

ought to be passed on a woman who had behaved so wickedly. Then the false bride answered : " She deserves nothing better than to be stripped naked and thrown into a cask stuck round with sharp nails, and that two white horses should be harnessed to it, and should drag it from street to street till she was dead."

" Thou art that woman ! " said the old king, in a terrible voice ; " and as thou hast judged, so shall it be done to thee." And so it was. But the prince was married to his true bride, and they reigned together in peace and lived happy ever after.

LITTLE CHICKEN CLUCK.





## LITTLE CHICKEN CLUCK.

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THERE was once a little chicken called Cluck. He was picking up corn one day under the filbert tree, when—whack!—a nut fell on his back and knocked him over. “Lawks-a-daisy me!” said little chicken Cluck; “the sky’s a-falling!”

So he ran to the hen, and said, “Henny-penny, run, I think the sky’s a-falling!”

“Who has told you that, little chicken Cluck?”

“Oh, a nut fell on my back and knocked me over.”

“Then let us run,” said Henny-Penny.

So they ran, and they ran, and they kept on running, and they came to the Cock, and said, “Cocky-locky, run, I think the sky’s

a-falling!" "Who has told you that, Henny-penny?" "Little chicken Cluck." "Who told you that, little chicken Cluck?" "Oh, a nut fell on my back and knocked me over." "Then let us run," said Cocky-locky.

So they ran, and they ran, and they kept on running, till they came to the Duck. "Ducky-daddles, run, I think the sky's a-falling!" "Who has told you that, Cocky-locky?" "Henny-penny." "Who told you that, Henny-penny?" "Little chicken Cluck." "Who told you that, little chicken Cluck?" "Oh, a nut fell on my back and knocked me over." "Then let us run," said Ducky-daddles.

So they ran, and they ran, and they kept on running, till they came to the Goose. "Goosey-poosey, run, I think the sky's a-falling!" "Who has told you that, Ducky-daddles?" "Cocky-locky." "Who told you that, Cocky-locky?" "Henny-penny."

"Who told you that, Henny-penny?"  
"Little chicken Cluck." "Who told you that, little chicken Cluck?" "Oh, a nut fell on my back and knocked me over." "Then let us run," said Goosey-poosey.

So they ran, and they ran, and they kept on running, till they came to the turkey. "Turkey-lurkey, run, I think the sky's a-falling!" "Who has told you that, Goosey-poosey?" "Ducky-daddles." "Who told you that, Ducky-daddles?" "Cocky-locky," "Who told you that, Cocky-locky?" "Henny-penny." "Who told you that, Henny-penny?" "Little chicken Cluck." "Who told you that, little chicken Cluck?" "Oh, a nut fell on my back and knocked me over." "Then let us run," said Turkey-lurkey.

So they ran, and they ran, and they kept on running, till they came to the Fox. "Fox-woxy, run, I think the sky's a-falling?"

“Who has told you that, Turkey-lurkey?”  
“Goosey-poosey.” “Who told you that,  
Goosey-poosey?” “Ducky-daddles.” “Who  
told you that, Ducky-daddles?” “Cocky-  
locky.” “Who told you that, Cocky-locky?”  
“Henny-penny.” “Who told you that,  
Henny-penny?” “Little chicken Cluck.”  
“Who told you that, little chicken Cluck?”  
“Oh, a nut fell on my back and knocked me  
over.” “Then let us run,” said Foxy-woxy;  
“shall I show the way?” “Why, to be sure!  
certainly! of course! why not?” said Turkey-  
lurkey, Goosey-poosey, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-  
locky, Henny-penny, and little chicken  
Cluck.

So they ran, and they ran, and they kept  
on running, till they came to the wood.  
There the Fox said, “I must count and see if  
I’ve got you all here. Turkey-lurkey, one;  
Goosey-poosey, two; Ducky-Daddles, three;  
Cocky-locky, four; Henny-penny, five; little

chicken Cluck, six. Hi! that one I'll snap up—Hr-hrumph!"

Then they ran, and they ran, and they ran a little further, and the Fox said, "I must



count and see if I've got you all here. Turkey-lurkey, one; Goosey-poosey, two; Ducky-daddles, three; Cocky-locky, four; Henny-penny, five. Hi! that one I'll snap up—Hr-hrumph!"

And so he went on till he had gobbled them all up!



TEENY-TINY.





## TEENY-TINY.

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ONCE upon a time there was a teeny-tiny woman lived in a teeny-tiny house in a teeny-tiny village. Now, one day this teeny-tiny woman put on her teeny-tiny bonnet and went out of her teeny-tiny house to take a teeny-tiny walk. And when this teeny-tiny woman had gone a teeny-tiny way she came to a teeny-tiny gate, so the teeny-tiny woman opened the teeny-tiny gate, and went into a teeny-tiny churchyard. And when this teeny-tiny woman had got into the teeny-tiny churchyard, she saw a teeny-tiny bone on a teeny-tiny grave and the teeny-tiny woman said to her teeny-tiny self: "This teeny-tiny bone will make me some teeny-tiny soup for my teeny-tiny supper." So the teeny-

tiny woman put the teeny-tiny bone in her teeny-tiny pocket, and went home to her teeny-tiny house.

Now when the teeny-tiny woman got home



“PUT THE TEENY-TINY BONE IN  
HER POCKET.”

to her teeny-tiny house she was a teeny-tiny bit tired : so she went up her teeny-tiny stairs to her teeny-tiny bed, and put the teeny-tiny bone into a teeny-tiny cupboard. And when this teeny-tiny woman had been to sleep a teeny-tiny

time, she was awakened by a teeny-tiny voice from the teeny-tiny cupboard, which said :

“Give me my bone !”

And this teeny-tiny woman was a teeny-tiny bit frightened, so she hid her teeny-tiny

head under the teeny-tiny clothes and went to sleep again. And when she had been to sleep again a teeny-tiny time, the teeny-tiny voice again cried out from the teeny-tiny cupboard a teeny-tiny bit louder :

“Give me my bone !”

This made the teeny-tiny woman a teeny-tiny bit more frightened, so she hid her teeny-tiny head a teeny-tiny bit further under the teeny-tiny clothes. And when the teeny-tiny woman had been to sleep again a teeny-tiny time, the teeny-tiny voice from the teeny-tiny cupboard said again, a teeny-tiny louder :

“Give me my bone !”

And this teeny-tiny woman was a teeny-tiny bit more frightened, but she put her teeny-tiny head out of the teeny-tiny clothes, and said in her loudest teeny-tiny voice :

“TAKE IT !”



## APPENDIX.



## APPENDIX.

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### THE THREE ROBES OF WONDER.

Isle of Lesbos. From "Traditions Populaires de l'Asie Mineure," par E. Henry Carnoy et Jean Nicolaïdes. Paris: Maisonneuve, 1889. Translated with M. Carnoy's kind permission.

### THE VALIANT TAILOR.

*Source.*—Grimm, No. 20: combined with No. 114, "The Cunning Little Tailor." In the telling, free use has been made of "Master Snip," in Taylor's "Gammer Grethel." The exact device by which the giant is made to carry the tree is introduced from a variant in Cavallius—"The Herd Boy and the Giant"; some of its cleverness is lost in Grimm's account. The tale itself is widespread, especially along the North of Europe.

Samuel Lover's "Little Weaver of Duleek Gate," is a delightful variant, and I cannot refrain from adding it. The dialect has been simplified and the whole condensed:

#### *The Little Weaver of Duleek Gate.*

You see, there was a weaver lived once upon a time in Duleek, hard by the gate, and a very honest, industrious man



he was, by all accounts. He had a wife, and children in plenty, so that he was forced to work his fingers to the bone almost to get them bite and sup; but he didn't begrudge that, for he was an industrious creature, as I said before, and 'twas up early and down late with him, and the loom never standing still. Well, it was one morning that his wife called to him, and he sitting very busy throwing the shuttle; and says she, "Come here, jewel, and eat your breakfast, now that it's ready." But he never minded her, but went on working. So in a minute or two she calls him again: "Arrah, leave off slaving yourself, my darlin', and eat your bit o' breakfast while it is hot." "Leave me alone," says he, and drove the shuttle faster than before. Well, in a little time more, she goes over and coaxes him: "Thady dear, the stirabout will be stone cold if you don't give over that weary work and come and eat it quickly." "I'm busy with a pattern here that's breaking my heart," says the weaver; "and until I complete it I won't quit." "Oh, think of the ilegant stirabout, that 'll be spoilt entirely." "To the devil with the stirabout!" "Now may you be forgiven," says she, "for cursing your good breakfast. Troth, Thady, you're as cross as two sticks this blessed morning, and it's a heavy handful I have of you when you are crooked in your temper; but stay there if you like, and let your stirabout grow cold, and not a one of me will ax you again." And with that off she went.

Well, the weaver left the loom at last, and went over to the stirabout, and what would you think, but when he looked at it it was as black as a crow; for, you see, it was the height of summer, and the flies lit upon it to that degree that the stirabout was fairly covered with them. "Why, then, bad luck to

your impudence," says the weaver, "would no place serve you but that, you dirty beasts?" And with that, being altogether crooked-tempered at the time, he lifted his hand and he made one great slam at the dish of stirabout, and killed no less than three score and ten flies at the one blow. It was three score and ten exactly, for he counted the carcasses one by one and laid them out on a clean plate, for to view them.

Well, he felt a powerful spirit rising in him, when he saw the slaughter he'd done, at one blow; and with that he got as conceited as the very dickens, and not a stroke more work he'd do that day, but out he went, and was fractious and impudent to everyone he met, and was squaring up into their faces and saying, "Look at that fist! that's the fist that killed three score and ten at one blow. Whoo!" With that all the neighbors thought he was cracked, and faith, the poor wife herself thought the same when he came home in the evening, after spending every rap he had on the drink, and swaggering about the place, and looking at his hand every minute.

"Indeed, and your hand is very dirty, sure enough, Thady jewel," says the poor wife; and true for her, for he had rolled into a ditch coming home. "You had better wash it, darlin'!" "How dare you say dirty to the greatest hand in Ireland?" says he, going to beat her. "Well, it's not dirty," says she. "It is throwing away my time I have been all my life," says he, "living with you all and stuck at a loom, when it is St. George or the Dragon I ought to be, which is two of the Seven Champions of Christendom: and now I'll be going, to be a knight-errant." "Oh, Thady dear, and what 'll the children do then?" "Let them go play marbles," says he.

Well, sure enough he went about among his neighbors next

day and he got an old kettle from one, and a saucepan from another; and he took them to the tailor, and he sewed him up a suit of tin clothes like any knight-errant; and he borrowed a pot lid, and *that* he was very particular about, because it was his shield, and he went to a friend of his, a painter and glazier, and made him paint on the shield in big letters:

“I'm the Man of all Men,  
That Killed Three Score and Ten  
At a Blow.”

His helmet he made of an iron pot, and he took the miller's horse hard by,—though it didn't belong to him,—and off he rode to Dublin to see if the King of Dublin would give him work. Well, he was four days going to Dublin (for the horse was not the best, and the roads worse), and he went straight to the palace. When he got there the king was looking out of the drawing-room window, for diversion, but the weaver pretended not to see him, but turned his horse to feed, and went over to a stone seat under the window—for, you see, there were stone seats all about the place for the accommodation of the people, for the king was a decent, obliging man. Well, as I said, the weaver went over and lay down on one of the seats, and pretended to go to sleep; but he took care to turn out the front of his shield that had the letters on it. Well, my dear, with that the king calls out to one of the lords of his court that was standing behind him, holding up the skirts of his coat, according to reason, and says he: “Look here, who's that vagabone that's sleeping under my nose and turning my palace into a hotel?” “Not a one of me knows, please your Majesty.” “I'll go down myself and take a look at him,” says the king; so

down he went accordingly, followed by the lord; and when he went over to where the weaver was lying, sure the first thing he saw was the shield with the big letters upon it. "Bedad," says he, "this is the very man I want, to kill that scoundrelly dragon that's eating up my land."

So he went up to the weaver and shook him by the shoulder; and the weaver sat up and rubbed his eyes. "What brings you here?" says the king. "I'm in want of work, please your reverence." "Well, suppose I give you work. You killed three score and ten at a blow, I understand." "Yes, that was the last trifle o' work I done, and I'm afraid my hand 'll go out of practice if I don't get some job to do at once." "You shall have a job immediately," says the king; "it's not three score and ten or any fine thing like that; it's only a blackguardly dragon that's disturbing the country and ruining my tenantry with eating their poultry, and I'm lost for want of eggs," says the king. "I'll do it," says the weaver. "It 'll be no trouble to you," says the king; "and I am only sorry it isn't better worth your while, for he isn't worth fearing at all. Only I must tell you that he lives in the County Galway in the middle of a bog, and he has an advantage in that." "Oh, I don't value that in the least," says the weaver; "for the last three score and ten I killed was in a *soft place*. Let me at him, at once."

The king was delighted and gave him a stocking full of money for his traveling charges, and a new horse to ride. But the king was clever, too, and if the weaver thought to fob the gold, and ride home to Duleek without looking at the dragon, he was mistaken: for the horse he was put on was learned on purpose, and the minute he was mounted, away the beast powdered and never a toe he'd go but right down to Galway.

For four days he was going evermore, and then the weaver saw a crowd of people running and shouting a thousand murders, and crying, "The dragon, the dragon!" And he couldn't stop the horse, but away he pelted right up against the terrible beast, and there was a most nefarious smell of sulphur. Faith, the weaver saw he had no time to lose, so he threw himself off the horse and made for a tree that was growing nigh, and up he clambered as nimble as a cat. He hadn't a minute to spare; for up came the dragon in a powerful rage, and devoured the horse, body and bones, in less than no time; and then he began to scent about for the weaver, and at last clapped eye on him, where he was, up in the tree, and says he, "You might as well come down out of that; for I'll have you, sure as eggs is meat." "Not a foot will I stir," says the weaver. "Sorra care I care," says the dragon; "for you're as good as ready money in my pocket this minute. I'll sit down here and wait for you," and sure enough, down he sat and began to pick his teeth with his tail, after the heavy breakfast he made that morning (for he ate a whole village, let alone the horse), and he got drowsy at last, and fell asleep: but before he went to sleep, he wound himself all round about the tree, like a lady winding ribbon round her finger, so that the weaver couldn't escape.

Well, as soon as the weaver knew he was fast asleep, by his snoring like thunder, down he begins to creep, as cautious as a fox: and he was very nigh the bottom when, bad luck to it, a branch broke and down he fell right on top of the dragon; but if he did, good luck was on his side: for where should he fall but with his two legs right across the dragon's neck, and, my jewel, he laid hold of the beast's ears, and there he kept his grip, notwithstanding the brute woke and tried to bite and

shake him off and lashed out like mad with his tail. Not a stir could he stir the weaver, though he shook all the scales on his body. "By the hokey," says he, "if you won't let go, I'll give you a ride that will astonish your seven small senses, my boy!" and with that off he flew, and where do you think he did fly?—why, straight for Dublin. The weaver being on his neck was a great distress to him, and he would rather have had him an *inside* passenger; but anyway, he flew and he flew till he came *slap* up against the king's palace; for he never saw it, being blind with rage, and he knocked his brains out—that is, the small trifle he had—and down he fell speechless.

And you see, as good luck would have it, the King of Dublin was looking out of his drawing-room window, for diversion, that day also, and when he saw the weaver coming astride the dragon, he cried, "By the powders of war, here comes the knight-arriant!" But when they saw the dragon fall outside, they ran downstairs for to circumspect the curiosity. "Please, your holiness," said the weaver, getting off, "I did not think myself worthy of killing this facetious beast, so I brought him to yourself for to do him the honor of decapitation by your own royal five fingers." And with that the king drew out his sword and took the dirty brute's head off as clean as a new pin. "I'm delighted with you," says the king to the weaver; "and what's more, I'll make a lord of you. And as you're the first man I ever heard tell of that rode a dragon, you shall be called Lord Mountdragon," says he.

"And where's my estate, please, your holiness?" says the weaver, with his eyes on the main chance. "Oh, I didn't forget that," says the king; "it's my royal pleasure to provide well for you, and for that reason I make you a present of all the

dragons in the world, and give you power over them from this out." "Is that all?" says the weaver. "All!" says the king. "Why, you ungrateful vagabone, was the like ever given to any man before?" "I believe not, indeed," says the weaver, "and many thanks to your Majesty." "All the dragons you shall have, *inclooding* my daughter," says the king, with a twinkle in his eye: and he was right, for by all accounts the princess<sup>s</sup> was the greatest dragon ever seen, with no end of a tongue and a beard a yard long, which she *pretended* was put on her by way of penance by Father Mulcahy, her confessor; but it was well known it was in the family for ages, and no wonder it was so long, by reason of that same.

### CARNATION, WHITE AND BLACK.

*Source*.—"Nouveaux Contes des Fées." "Incarnat, Blanc, et Noir."

### HEART OF HARE.

Polish.

### PRINCE HATT UNDER THE EARTH.

*Source*.—A South Smaland tale, given by Cavallier and Stephens. It is translated in Thorpe's "Yule Tide Stories." The episode of the North Wind and the washing of the shirt comes from a Norse variant. "East of the Sun and west of the Moon," (Asbjörnsen and Moe). In the Swedish version the old Troll is popped into a boiling caldron, and her daughter turns

out to be an enchanted Christian princess, who sympathizes with the lovers and helps to deliver them, and the whole story is condensed somewhat. It is as old as "Cupid and Psyche," and seems common to every nation almost. Among its variants are such famous tales as "Beauty and the Beast," and "The Black Bull of Norrøway." In a Magyar tale the youngest sistèr's wish is for "speaking grapes, a smiling apple, and a tinkling apricot"—a delicious mouthful of syllables. The princess in the "Arabian Nights" (as everybody knows) wanted "the speaking bird, the singing tree, and the yellow water."

### BLUE BEARD.

Charles Perrault.

### THE BOLIAWS.

Leprecaun—the shoemaker. This particular Irish imp is usually found working on a single shoe, and indeed only discovered by the sound of his hammer. He is very rich and miserly, but can be made to disclose the place where his treasure lies, if only you keep a tight grasp and *never take your eyes off him*. His dress, according to the best authorities, consists of a red coat, with seven buttons on each row, knee-breeches, worsted stockings, a leathern apron, and a little cocked hat on the point of which he sometimes spins like a top.

*Note.*—The source is T. Crofton Croker's "Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland," to which it was contributed by Thomas Keightley, who heard it in his boyhood from the peasantry of Kildare. In Croker the manikin is a Claricaun; but Keightley



makes him a Leprecaun in his "Fairy Mythology," p. 373. This tale is the third in Mr. Joseph Jacobs' charming book, "Celtic Fairy Tales." (London: David Nutt.)

### THE GOOSE-GIRL.

Grimm. In reading this, and some other tales from the same source, I have freely used the language of "Gammer Grethel." Taylor's very turns of speech must retain a sort of sanctity for everyone whose childhood was fed on that delightful work.—  
ED.

### LITTLE CHICKEN CLUCK.

This rigmarole I have given much as I heard it in the year 1869, or thereabouts; with some help from a Danish variant in Thorpe's "Yule Tide Stories." Somewhat different versions in our language may be found in Halliwell, in Chambers' "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," and in Mr. Joseph Jacobs' "English Fairy Tales."

### TEENY-TINY.

From Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes and Tales."

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